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THE WORKS OF WALTER SCOTT,

VOL. 2.

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V. 8
THE NOVELS OF WALTER SCOTT

Vol. 8



THE LAST MINSTREL.

(1)

THE
WORKS
OF
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL II.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL,
A POEM IN 6 CANTOS.

P. 2.

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ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR THE BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1819.

(1)



THE

W O R K S

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

THE LAST MINUTEMAN

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

WICKHAM

PRINTED FOR THE BROTHERS BARNARD

1819



N O T E S.



NOTES



## NOTES TO CANTO I.

### Note I.

*The feast was over in Branksome tower —*  
St. I. p. 10.

In the reign of James I. Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Branxholm,\* lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the

\* Branxholm is the proper name of the barony; but Branksome has been adopted, as suitable to the pronunciation, and more proper for poetry.



extensive domain which he possessed in Ettricke Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch, \* and much of the forest land on the river Ettricke. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford confirmed by Robert III., 3d May, 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter, a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he drily remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals

\* There are no vestiges of any building at Buccleuch, except the scite of a chapel, where, according to a tradition current in the time of Scott of Satchells, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a mill near this solitary spot; an extraordinary circumstance, as little or no corn grows within several miles of Buccleuch. Satchells says it was used to grind corn for the hounds of the chieftain.



upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanche for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the king against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d February, 1443; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inglis, Branksome became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family. The castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor. But, in 1570-1, the vengeance of Elizabeth, provoked by the inroads of Buccleuch, and his attachment to the cause of Queen Mary, destroyed the castle, and laid waste the lands of Branksome. In the same year the castle was repaired and enlarged by Sir Walter Scott, its brave possessor; but the work was not completed until after his death, in 1574, when the widow finished the building. This appears from the following inscriptions.



Around a stone, bearing the arms of Scott of Buccleuch, appears the following legend: "*Sir W Scott of Branxheim Knyt woe of Sir William Scott of Birkurd Knyt began ye work upon ye 24 of Marche 1571 zier quha departit at God's pleisour ye 17 April 1574.*" On a similar copartment are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with this inscription, "DAME MARGARET DOUGLAS HIS SPOUS COMPLETIT THE FORSAID WORK IN OCTOBER 1576." Over an arched door is inscribed the following moral verse: —

*In. varld. is. nocht. nature. hes. vrought. yat.  
sal. lest. ay. tharfore, serve. God. keip. veil.  
ve. rod. thy fame. sal. nocht. dekey.*

*Sir Walter Scot of Branxholm Knight. Margaret Douglas, 1517.*

Branksome castle continued to be the principal seat of the Buccleuch family, while security was any object in their choice of a mansion. It has since been the residence of the Commissioners, or Chamberlains, of the family. From the various alterations which the building has undergone, it is not only greatly restricted in its dimensions, but retains little of the castellated form, if we except one square tower of massy thickness, the only part of the original building which now remains. The whole forms a handsome modern re-



sidence, lately inhabited by my deceased friend, Adam Ogilvy, Esq. of Hartwoodmyres, Commissioner of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

The extent of the ancient edifice can still be traced by some vestiges of its foundation, and its strength is obvious from the situation, on a deep bank surrounded by the Teviot and flanked by a deep ravine, formed by a precipitous brook. It was anciently surrounded by wood, as appears from the survey of Roxburghshire, made for Pont's Atlas, and preserved in the Advocates' Library. This wood was cut about fifty years ago, but is now replaced by the thriving plantations, which have been formed by the noble proprietor, for miles around the ancient mansion of his forefathers.

#### Note II.

*Nine-and twenty knights of fame  
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall. —*

St. III. p. 11.

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour, and from their frontier situation, retained in their household, at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military ser-



vice of watching and warding his castle. Sathchells tells us, in his doggrel poetry,

No baron was better served in Britain;  
 The batons of Buckleugh they kept their call,  
 Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall,  
 All being of his name and kin;  
 Each two had a servant to wait upon them;  
 Before supper and dinner, most renowned,  
 The bells rung and the trumpets sowned;  
 And more than that, I do confess,  
 They kept four and twenty pensioners.  
 Think not I lie, nor do me blame,  
 For the pensioners I can all name:  
 There's men alive, elder than I,  
 They know if I speak truth, or lie;  
 Every pensioner a room\* did gain,  
 For service done and to be done;  
 This I'll let the reader understand,  
 The name both of the men and land,  
 Which they possessed, it is of truth,  
 Both from the lairds and lords of Buckleugh.

Accordingly, dismounting from his Pegasus, Sathchells gives us, in prose, the names of twenty-four gentlemen, younger brothers of ancient families, who were pensioners to the house of Buccleuch, and describes the lands which each possessed for his Border service. In time of war with England, the garrison was doubtless aug-

\* Room, portion of land.



mented. Satchells adds, «These twenty-three pensioners, all of his own name of Scott, and Walter Gladstones of Whitelaw, a near cousin of my Lord's, as aforesaid, were ready on all occasions, when his honour pleased cause to advertise them. It is known to many of the country better than it is to me, that the rent of these lands, which the lairds and lords of Buccleuch did freely bestow upon their friends, will amount to above twelve or fourteen thousand merks a-year.» — *History of the Name of Scott*, p. 45. An immense sum in those times.

### Note III.

*And with Jedwood axe at saddle-bow. —*

St. V. p. 12.

«Of a truth,» says Froissart, «the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes.» The Jedwood axe was a sort of partizan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.



## Note IV.

*They watch against Southern force and guile ,  
Lest Scroope , or Howard , or Percy's powers ,  
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers ,  
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.*  
— St. VI. p. 12.

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbours. The following letter from the Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII. in 1533, gives an account of a successful inroad of the English in which the country was plundered up to the gates of the castle, although the invaders failed in their principal object, which was, to kill, or make prisoner, the laird of Buccleuch. It occurs in the Cotton MS. *Calig. B. VIII. f. 222.*

«Pleaseth yt your most gracious hignes to be aduertised, that my comptroller, with Raynald Carnaby, desyred licence of me to invade the realme of Scotland, for the annoysaunce of your highnes enemys, where they thought best exploit by theyme might be done, and to haue to concur withe theyme the inhabitants of Northumberland, suche as was towards me according to theyre assembly,



and as by theyre discrecions vppone the same they shulde thinke most convenient, and soo they dyde mete vppon Monday, before night, being the iii day of this instant monethe, at Wawhope, uppon northe Tyne water, above Tyndaill, where they were to the number of xv c men, and soo invadet Scotland, at the hour of viii of the klok at nyght, at a place called Whele Causay; and before xi of the klok dyd send forth a forrey of Tyndaill and Ryddisdail, and laide all the resydewe in a bushment, and actyvely dyd set vpon a towne called Branxholm, where the lord of Buclough dwellythe, and purposed theymeselves with a trayne for hym lyke to his accustomed manner, in rysynge to all frayes; albeit, that knyght he was not at home, and so they brynt the said Branxholm, and other townes, as to say Whichestre, Whichestre-helme, and Whelley, and haid ordered theymeself, soo that sundry of the said Lord Buclough's servants, who dyd issue fourthe of his gates, was takyn prisoners. They dyd not leve one house, one stak of corne, nor one shyef, without the gate of the said Lord Buclough vnbrynt; and thus scrymaged and frayed, supposing the Lord of Buclough to be within iii or iiii myles to have trayned him to the bushment; and soo in the breyking of the day



dyd the forrey and the bushment mete, and reculed homeward, making theyr way westward from theyre invasion to be over Lyddersdaill, as intending yf the fray frome theyre furst entry by the Scotts waiches, or otherwyse by warnyng, shulde haue bene gyven to Gedworth and the countrey of Scotland theyreabouts of theyre invasion; whiche Gedworth is from the Wheles Causay vi myles, that thereby the Scots shulde have comen further vnto theyme, and more out of ordre; and soo upon sundry good considerations, before they entered Lyddersdaill, as well accompting the inhabitants of the same to be towards your highness, and to enforce theyme the more therby, as alsoo to put an occasion of suspect to the kinge of Scotts and his counsaill, to be taken anenst theyme, amonges theymeselves, maid proclamacions, commanding, vpon payne of dethe, assurance to be for the said inhabitants of Lyddersdaill, without any prejudice or hurt to be done by any Inglyzman vnto theyme, and soo in good ordre abowte the howre of ten of the klok before none, vppone Tewisday, dyd pas through the said Lyddersdaill, when did come diverse of the said inhabitants there to my servauntes, under the said assurance, offering theymselves with any service they couthe make; and thus, thanks be to God-



de, your highnes' subjects, abowte the howre of xii of the klok at none te same daye, came into this youre highnes realme, bringing wt theyme above xl Scottsmen prisoners, one of theyme named Scot, of the surname and kyn of the said Lord of Buclough, and of his howsehold; they brought alsoo ccc nowte, and above lx horse and mares, keping in savetie frome losse or hurte all your said highnes subjects. There was alsoo a towne, called Newbyggins, by diverse fotmen of Tyndaill and Ryddesdaill, takyn vp of the night, and spoyled, when was slayne ii Scottsmen of the said towne, and many Scotts there hurte; your highnes subjects was xiii myles within the grounde of Scotlande, and is from my house at Werkworthe, above lx miles oft he most evil passage, where great snawes doth lye; heretofore the same townes now brynt haith not at any tyme in the mynd of man in any warrs been enterprised unto nowe; your subjects were therto more encouraged for the better advancement of your highnes service, the said Lord of Buclough beyng always a mortall enemy to this your graces realme, and he dyd say, within xiii days before, he woulde see who durst lye near hym; wt many other cruell words, the knowledge whereof was certainly haid to my said servaunts, before theyre enterprice maid



vppon him; most humbly beseeching your majesty, that youre highnes thanks may concur vnto theyme, whose names be here inclosed, and to have in your most gracious memory, the paynfull and diligent service of my pore servaunte Wharton, and thus, as I am most bounden, shall dispose wt them that be under me f. . . . . annoysaunce of your highnes enemys." In resentment of this foray, Buccleuch, with other Border chiefs, assembled an army of 3000 riders, with which they penetrated into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the banks of Bramish. They baffled, or defeated, the English forces opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey. — PINKERTON'S *History*, vol. II. p. 318.

#### Note V.

*Bards long shall tell,  
How Lord Walter fell.* — St. VII. p. 13.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron, and warden of the west marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and



Kerrs, the history of which is necessary, to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

In the year 1523, in the words of Pitscottie, "the Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the king (James V. then a minor) was heavily displeased, and would fain have been out of their hands, if he might by any way: And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and secret letter with his own hand, and sent it to the laird of Buccleuch, beseeching him that he would come with his kin and friends, and all the force that he might be, and meet him at Melross, at his home passing, and there to take him out of the Douglas-ses hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the lave (*rest*) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

"This letter was quietly directed, and sent by one of the king's own secret servants, which was received very thankfully by the laird of Buccleuch, who was very glad thereof, to be put to such charges and familiarity with his prince, and did great diligence to perform the king's writing, and to bring the matter to pass as the king desired: And, to that effect, convened all his kin and friends, and all that would do for him, to ride with him to Melross, when



he knew of the king's homecoming. And so he brought with him six hundred spears, of Liddesdale, and Annandale, and countrymen, and clans thereabout, and held themselves quiet while that the king returned out of Jedburgh, and came to Melross, to remain there all that night.

“But when the Lord Hume, Cessford, and Fernyhirst, (the chiefs of the clan of Kerr,) took their leave of the king, and returned home, then appeared the Lord of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the king's petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Haliden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvelled what the matter meant; while at the last they knew the laird of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less affeared, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the king in this manner, ‘Sir, yon is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your Grace from the gate (*i. e.* interrupt your passage.) I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this know, and my brother George with you, with any other



company you please; and I shall pass, and put yon thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it.' The king tarried still, as was devised; and George Douglas with him, and sundry other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the king's own servants; but all the lave (*rest*) past withe the Earl of Angus to the field against the laird of Buccleuch, who joyned and countered cruelly both the said parties in the field of Darnelinver, \* either against other, with uncertain victory. But at the last, the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter how it stood, returned again to the king in all possible haste, with him the lairds of Cessfoord and Fairnyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the laird of Buccleuch's field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground; which caused the laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased; and especially the lairds of Cessfoord and Fairnyhirst followed furiouslie, till at the foot of a path the laird of Cessfoord was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliot,

\* Darnwick, near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skinner's Field, from a corruption of *Skirmish Field*.



who was then servant to the laird of Buccleuch. But when the laird of Cessfoord was slain, the chace ceased. The Earl of Angus returned again with great merriness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and passed with the king to Melross, where they remained all that night. On the morn they past to Edinburgh with the king, who was very sad and dolorous of the slaughter of the laird of Cessfoord, and many other gentlemen and yeomen slain by the laird of Buccleuch, containing the number of fourscore and fifteen, which died in defence of the king, and at the command of his writing."

I am not the first who has attempted to celebrate in verse the renown of this ancient baron, and his hazardous attempt to procure his sovereign's freedom. In a Scottish Latin poet we find the following verses: —

VALTERIUS SCOTUS BALCLUCHIUS.

Egregio suscepto facinore libertate Regis, ac aliis rebus  
gestis clarus, sub JACOBO V. Ao Christi, 1526.

Intentata aliis, nullique audita priorum  
Audet, nec pavidum morsve, metusve quatit,  
Libertatem aliis soliti transcribere Regis;  
Subreptam hanc Regi restituisse paras,



Si vincis, quanta ô succedunt praemia dextrae  
 Sin victus, falsas spes jace. pone animam.  
 Hostica vis nocuit: stant altae robora mentis  
 Atque decus Vincet, Rege probante, fides.  
 INSITA queis animis virtus, quosque acrior ardor.  
 Obsidet, obscuris nox premat an tenebris?

Heroes ex omni Historia Scoticae lectissimi, Auctore  
 Johan. Jonstonio Abredonense Scoto, 1603.

In consequence of the battle of Melrose, there ensued a deadly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Kerr, which, in spite of all means used to bring about an agreement, raged for many years upon the Borders. Buccleuch was imprisoned, and his estates forfeited, in the year 1535, for levying war against the Kerrs, and restored by act of parliament, dated 15th March, 1542, during the regency of Mary of Lorraine. But the most signal act of violence, to which this quarrel gave rise, was the murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh, in 1552. This is the event alluded to in Stanza VII.; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.

The feud between these two families was not reconciled in 1596, when both chieftains paraded the streets of Edinburgh with their followers, and it was expected their first meeting would decide their quarrel. But, on July 14th,



of the same year, Colvil, in a letter to Mr. Bacon, informs him, « that there was great trouble upon the Borders, which would continue till order should be taken by the queen of England and the king, by reason of the two young Scots chieftains, Cesford and Baclugh, and of the present necessity and scarcity of corn amongst the Scots Borderers and riders. That there had been a private quarrel betwixt those two lairds, on the Borders, which was like to have turned to blood; but the fear of the general trouble had reconciled them, and the injuries which they thought to have committed against each other, were now transferred upon England: not unlike that emulation in France between the Baron de Biron and Mons. Jeverie, who, being both ambitious of honour, undertook more hazardous enterprises against the enemy, than they would have done if they had been at concord together. » — BIRCH'S *Memorials*, vol. II. p. 67.

#### Note VI.

*No! vainly to each holy shrine,  
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew.*—St. VIII. p. 13.

Among other expedients resorted to for staunching the feud betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs,



there was a bond executed, in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. I. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

Such pactions were not uncommon in feudal times; and, as might be expected, they were often, as in the present case, void of the effect desired. When Sir Walter Mauny, the renowned follower of Edward III., had taken the town of Ryoll, in Gascony, he remembered to have heard that his father lay there buried, and offered a hundred crowns to any who could show him his grave. A very old man appeared before Sir Walter, and informed him of the manner of his father's death, and the place of his sepulture. It seems the Lord of Mauny had, at a great tournament, unhorsed, and wounded to the death, a Gascon knight, of the house of Mirepoix, whose kinsman was bishop of Cambray. For this deed he was held at feud by the relations of the knight, until he agreed to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St James of Compostella, for the benefit of the soul



of the deceased. But as he returned through the town of Ryoll, after accomplishment of his vow, he was beset and treacherously slain, by the kindred of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his father; and, having read the inscription, which was in Latin, he caused the body to be raised, and transported to his native city of Valenciennes, where masses were, in the days of Froissart, duly said for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim. — *Cronycle of FROISSART*, vol. I. p. 123.

#### Note VII.

*While Cessford owns the rule of Car.* —  
St. VIII. p. 14.

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Car, \* was very powerful on the Border. Fynes Morrison remarks, in his Travels, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange, in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the

\* The name is spelt differently by the various families who bear it. Car is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading



family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. — It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous. Tradition affirms, that it was founded by Halbert, or Habby Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburghe represents Ker of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief: Hence the distinction betwixt Kers of Cessford and Farnihirst.

#### Note VIII.

*Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed. —*

St. X. p. 15.

The Cranstouns, Lord Cranstoun, are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Crailing, in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott; for it appears that the lady of Buccleuch, in 1557, beset the laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady.



## Note IX.

*Of Bethune's line of Picardie.* — St. XI p. 15.

The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated Duc de Sully; and the name was accounted among the most noble in France, while aught noble remained in that country. The family of Bethune, or Beatoun, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates; namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree, that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by faction, the foul accusation, of her having influenced Queen



Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards, preserved in Buchanan's Detection, accuses of Darnley's murder «the Erle Bothwell, Mr James Balfour, the persoun of Fliske Mr David Chalmers, black Mr John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Quene, assenting thairto, throw the persuasioun of the Erle Bothwell, and *the witchcraft of Lady Buccleuch.*»

#### Note X.

*He learn'd the art, that none may name,  
In Padua, far beyond the sea.* — St. XI. p. 15.

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth, in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which, he said, he could charm snakes, and work other miracles; and, in particular, could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes. — See the Examination of Wemyss of Rogie before the Privy Council, concerning Gowrie's Conspiracy.



## Note XI.

*His form no darkening shadow traced  
Upon the sunny wall. — St. XI. p. 15.*

The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. — Glycas informs us, that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit. — HEYWOOD'S *Hierarchie*, p. 475. The vulgar conceive, that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where there the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily, that the archenemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those, who have thus *lost their shadow*, always prove the best magicians.

## Note XII.

*The viewless forms of air. — St. XII. p. 16.*

The Scottish vulgar, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate of spirits resi-



ding in the air, or in the waters; to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views. It is said, for example, that a gallant baron, having returned from the Holy Land to his castle of Drummelziar, found his fair lady nursing a healthy child, whose birth did not by any means correspond to the date of his departure. Such an occurrence, to the credit of the dames of the crusaders be it spoken, was so rare, that it required a miraculous solution. The lady, therefore, was believed, when she averred confidently, that the Spirit of the Tweed had issued from the river while she was walking upon its bank, and compelled her to submit to his embraces: and the name of Tweedie was bestowed upon the child, who afterwards became Baron of Drummelziar, and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits were also ascribed, in Scotland, the

— “Airy tongues, that syllable men’s names,  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.”

When the workmen were engaged in erecting the ancient church of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissau, they were



surprised to find that the work was impeded by supernatural obstacles. At length, the Spirit of the River was heard to say,

It is not here, it is not here,  
That ye shall build the church of Deer;  
But on Taptillery,  
Where many a corpse shall lie.

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Taptillery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced. — MACFARLANE'S *MSS.* I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the River and Mountain Spirits may not, at first sight, seem to accord with the general tone of the romance, and the superstitions of the country where the scene is laid.

Note XIII.

*A fancied moss-trooper, etc.* — St. XIX. p. 19.

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch's clan. Long after the union of the crowns, the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation,



and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling.

Fuller includes, among the wonders of Cumberland, «The Moss-troopers; so strange is the condition of their living, if considered in their *Original, Increase, Height, Decay, and Ruine.*»

1. «*Original.* I conceive them the same called Borderers in Mr Cambden; and characterised by him to be, *a wild and warlike people.* They are called *Moss-troopers*, because dwelling in the mosses, and riding in troops together. They dwell in the bounds, or meeting, of the two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither. They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the kalendar.»

2. «*Increase.* When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions, betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbours. Their sons are free of the trade by their fathers' copy. They are like to Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perchance many again next day. They may give for their motto, *vivitur ex rapto*, stealing from their honest neighbours what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets: strike one, and stir all of them about your



cars. Indeed if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish janizary; otherwise, woe be to him that falleth into their quarters!"

3. *Height.* Amounting, forty years since, to some thousands. These compelled the vicinage to purchase their security, by paying a constant rent to them. When in their greatest height, they had two great enemies — *the Laws of the Land*, and the *Lord William Howard of Naworth*. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the officer *doth always his work by day-light*. Yet these Moss-troopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of their common stock, who, in such a case, *cast in their lots amongst themselves, and all have one purse.*"

4. *Decay.* Caused by the wisdom, valour, and diligence, of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Tories with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be excused, but commended, by the judicious, who consider how our great lawyer doth describe such persons, who are solemnly outlawed. BRACTON, lib. 8. tract 2. cap. 11. — '*Ex tunc gerunt ca-*



*put lupinum, ita quod sine judiciali inquisitione rite pereant, et secum suum judicium portent; et merito sine lege pereunt, qui secundum legem vivere recusarunt.* — ‘Thence forward, (after that they are outlawed) they wear a wolf’s head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law.’

5. *“Ruine.* Such was the success of this worthy lord’s severity, that he made a thorough reformation among them; and the ringleaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to legall obedience, and so, I trust, will continue.” — FULLER’S *Worthies of England*, p. 216.

The last public mention of moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the 17th century, when many ordinances of parliament were directed against them.

#### NOTE XIV.

*How the brave boy, in future war,  
Should tame the Unicorn’s pride,  
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.* — ST. XX. p. 29.

The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford were, *Vert*



on a cheveron, betwixt three unicorns' heads erased *argent*, three mullets *sable*; crest, an unicorn's head erased *proper*. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, *Or* on a bend azure; a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first.

Note XV.

*William of Deloraine*. — St. XXI. p. 20.

The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in Ettricke Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545. — Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border-service. Satchells mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen pensioners of the family, "William Scott, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine for his service." And again, "This William of Deloraine, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassendean." The lands of Deloraine now give an earl's title to the descendant of Henry,



the second surviving son of the Duchess of Bucleuch and Monmouth. I have endeavoured to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterised the Borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Froissart's apology, that "it behoveth, in a lynage, some to be folyshe and outrageous, to maynteyne and sustayne the pe-asable." As a contrast to my Marchman, I beg leave to transcribe, from the same author, the speech of Amergot Marcell, a captain of the Adventurous Companions, a robber, and a pillager of the country of Auvergne, who had been bridged to sell his strong-holds, and to assume a more honourable military life under the banners of the Earl of Armagnac. But "when he remembered alle this, he was sorrowful; his tresour he thought he wolde not mynysshe; he was wonte dayly to serche for newe pyllages, wherbye en-cresed his profyte, and then he sawe that alle was closed fro' hym. Then he sayde and ima-gyned, that to pyll and to robbe (all thyng considered) was a good lyfe, and so repented hym of his good doing. On a tyme, he said to his old companyons, 'Sirs, there is no sporte nor glory in this worlde amonge men of warre, but to use suche lyfe as we have done in tyme past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and somtyme found by the



way a riche priour or merchaunt, or a route of mullettes of Mountpellyer, of Narbonne, of Lymens, of Fongans, of Besyers, of Tholous, or of Carcas-sone, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peltre ware comynge fro the fayres, or laden with spycery fro Bruges, fro Damas, or fro Alysandre: whatsoever we met, all was ours, or els ransomed at our pleasures; dayly we gate new money, and the vyllaynes of Auvergne and of Lymosyn dayly provyded and brought to our castell whete mele, good wyne, beffes, and fatte mottions, pullayne, and wylde foule: We were ever furnyshed as tho we had been kings. When we rode forthe, all the countrey trymbled for feare: all was ours goyng and comynge. How tok we Carlast, I and the Bourge of Compayne, and I and Perot of Bernoys took Caluset: how dyd we scale, with lytell ayde, the strong castell of Marquell, pertayning to the Erl Dolphyn: I kept it nat past fyve days, but I receyved for it, on a feyre table, fyve thousand frankes, and forgave one thousande for the love of the Erl Dolphyn's children. By my fayth, this was a fayre and a good lyfe; wherefore I repute myselve sore de-ceyved, in that I have rendered up the fortress of Aloys; for it wolde have kept fro all the worlde, and the daye that I gave it up, it wasournyshed with vytaylles, to have been kept



seven yere without any re-vytayinge. This Erl of Armynake hath deceyved me: Olyve Barbe, and Perot le Bernoys, shewed to me how I shulde repente myselfe: certayne I sore repente myselfe of what I have done." — FROISSART, vol. II. p. 195.

### Note XVI.

*By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds. —*  
St. XXI. p. 21.

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds. Barbour informs us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water; thus, leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent. The pursuers came up:

Rycht to the burn thai passyt ware,  
Bot the slenth hund mate stinting thar,  
And waueryt lang tyme ta and fra,  
That he na certain gate couth ga:  
Till at the last that John of Lorne,  
Persenvit the hund the sleuth had lorne.

*The Bruce, Book vii.*



A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance: — The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a border *sleuth-bratch*, or blood-hound:

In Gelderland there was that bratchet bred,  
Siker of scent, to follow them that fled,  
So was he used in Eske and Liddesdail,  
While (i. e. *all*) she gat blood no fleeing might avail.

In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no further. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger, struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body: —

The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, till she stood,  
Nor farther would fra time she fund the blood.

The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary



tower of Gask. Here he was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a horn: He sent out his attendants by two and two, but no one returned with tidings. At length, when he was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The champion descended, sword in hand; and at the gate of the tower was encountered by the headless spectre of Fawdon, whom he had slain so rashly. Wallace, in great terror, fled up into the tower, tore open the boards of a window, leapt down fifteen feet in height, and continued his flight up the river. Looking back to Gask, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdon upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter. The minstrel concludes,

Trust ryght wele, that all this be sooth, indeed,  
Supposing it be no point of the creed

*The Wallace*, Book v.

Mr Ellis has extracted this tale as a sample of Henry's poetry. — *Specimens of English Poetry*, vol I. p. 351.

#### Note XVII.

*Dimly he view'd the Moat-hill's mound. —*

St. XXV. p. 23.

This is a round artificial mount near Hawick,



which from its name (*Vot. Ang. Sax. Conci-  
lium, Conventus,*) was probably anciently used  
as a place for assembling a national council of  
the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds  
in Scotland, and they are sometimes, but ra-  
rely, of a square form.

Note XVIII.

*Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.* — St. XXV. p. 23.

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassen-  
dean, belonged formerly to a family of Scotts,  
thus commemorated by Satchells: —

Hassendean came without a call,  
The ancientest house among them all.

Note XIX.

*On Minto-crags the moon-beams glint.* —  
St. XXVII. p. 24.

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise  
suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the im-  
mediate vicinity of the family seat, from which  
Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform,  
on a projecting crag, commanding a most beau-



tiful prospect, is termed *Barnhill's Red*. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name. On the summit of the crags are the fragments of another ancient tower, in a picturesque situation. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of Hartforde, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter Barnhills, and of Minto crag, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot, father to the late Lord Minto, was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is usually published. The poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert Elliot has descended to his family.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,  
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:  
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;  
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.  
But what had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
And bid the wide world secure me from love.  
Ah, fool, to imagine, that aught could subdue  
A love so well founded, a passion so true!  
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!



Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!  
 Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine!  
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,  
 The moments neglected return not again.  
 Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do?  
 Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?

### Note XX.

*Ancient Riddel's fair domain.* — St. XXVIII. p. 25.

The family of Riddel have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddel, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and is, in some degree, sanctioned by the discovery of two stone coffins, one containing an earthen pot filled with ashes and arms, bearing a legible date, A. D. 727; the other dated 936, and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. These coffins were discovered in the foundations of what was, but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddell; and as it was argued, with plausibility, that they contained the remains of some ancestors of the family, they were deposited in the modern place of sepulture, comparatively so termed, though built in 1110. But the following curious and authentic documents warrant most conclusively the epithet of "of ancient Riddel:" 1st,



A charter by David I. to Walter Rydale, sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Liliesclive, etc. of which his father, Gervasius de Rydale, died possessed. — 2dly, A bull of Pope Adrian IV., confirming the will of Walter de Ridale, knight, in favour of his brother Anschittil de Ridale, dated 8th April, 1155. 3dly, A bull of Pope Alexander III., confirming the said will of Walter de Ridale, bequeathing to his brother Anschittil the lands of Liliesclive, Whettunes, etc. and ratifying the bargain betwixt Anschittil and Huctredus, concerning the church of Liliesclive, in consequence of the mediation of Malcolm II., and confirmed by a charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 17th June, 1160. 4thly, A bull of the same Pope, confirming the will of Sir Anschittil de Ridale, in favour of his son Walter, conveying the said lands of Liliesclive and others, dated 10th March, 1120. It is remarkable, that Liliesclive, otherwise Rydale, or Riddel, and the Whittunes, have descended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddell, Bart. of Riddell, the lineal descendant and representative of Sir Anschittil. — These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work.



## Note XXI.

*As glanced his eye o'er Halidon.* — St. XXX. p. 26.

Halidon was an ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford, now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle betwixt Buccleuch and Angus, which is called to this day the Skirmish Field. — See the 4th note on this Canto.

## Note XXII.

*Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran.* —  
St. XXXI. p. 26.

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters, as is hinted in the next Canto, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, etc. carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the diffi-



culty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. This superb convent was dedicated to St Mary, and the monks were of the Cistercion order. At the time of the Reformation, they shared in the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity, thrown upon the Roman churchmen. The old words of *Galashiels*, a favourite Scottish air, ran thus:

O the monks of Melrose made gude kale \*  
On Fridays when they fasted;  
They wanted neither beef nor ale,  
As long as their neighbours' lasted.

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\* *Kale*, Broth.



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## NOTES TO CANTO II.

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### Note I.

*When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.—*

St. I. p. 31. 32.

The buttresses, ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey, are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.

### Note II.

——— *St David's ruin'd pile.* — St. I. p. 32.

David I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity, by founding, and liberally endow-



ing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others, which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was *a core saint for the crown.*

Note III.

— *Lands and livings, many a rood,  
Had gifted the shrine for their soul's repose.*—

St. II. p. 32.

The Buccleuch family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert II., Robert Scott, baron of Murdies-ton and Rankelburn (now Buccleuch,) gave to the monks the lands of Hinkery, in Ettricke Forest, *pro salute animæ suæ.* — *Chartulary of Melrose*, 28th May, 1415.

Note IV.

*Prayer know I hardly one;*

\* \* \*

*Save to patter an Ave Mary,*

*When I ride on a Border foray.* — St. VI. p. 34.

The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Colville, in his *Paranesis*, or *Admonition*, states, that



the reformed divines were so far from undertaking distant journies to convert the Heathen, « as I wold wis at God that he wold only go bot to the Hielands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our awin countreymen, who, for lack of preching and ministration of the sacraments, must, with tyme, becum either infidells, or atheists. » But we learn, from Lesly, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.

Note V.

*Beneath their feet were the bones of the dead. —*  
St. VII. p. 35.

The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulture. An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloister has an inscription, bearing, *Hic jacet frater Archibaldus.*

Note VI.

*So had he seen, in fair Carlisle,  
The youth in glittering squadrons start;  
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,  
And hurl the unexpected dart. —* St. VIII. p. 35.

« By my faith, » sayd the Duke of Lancaster,



(to a Portuguese squire) « of all the feates of armes that the Castellyans, and they of your countrey doth use, the castynge of their dartes best pleaseth me, and gladly I wolde se it; for, as I hear say, if they strike one aryghte, without he be well armed, the dart will pierce him thrughe. » — « By my fayth, sir, » sayd the squyer, « ye say trouth; for I have seen many a grete stroke given with them, which at one time cost us derely, and was to us great displeasure; for, at the said skirmishe, Sir John Laurence of Coygne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head perced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sacke stopped with sylke, and passed thrughe his body, so that he fell down dead. » — FROISSART, vol. II. ch. 44. — This mode of fighting with darts was imitated in the military game called *Juego de las canas*, which the Spaniards borrowed from their Moorish invaders. A Saracen champion is thus described by Froissart: « Among the Sarazyns, there was a yonge knight called Agadinger Dolyferne; he was always wel mounted on a redy and a lyght horse; it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did flye in the ayre. The knyghte seemed to be a good man of armes by his dedes; he bare always of usage three fethered dartes, and rychte well he could handle them; and, accord-



ing to their custome, he was clene armed, with a long white towell about his heed. His apparell was blacke, and his own colour browne, and a good horseman. The Crysten men say, they thoughte he dyd such deeds of armes for the love of some yonge ladye of his countrey. And true it was, that he loved entirely the king of Thune's daughter, named the Lady Azala; she was inherytour to the realme of Thunes, after the discease of the kyng, her father. This Agadinger was sone to the Duke of Olyferne. I can nat telle if they were married together after or nat; but it was shewed me, that this knyght, for love of the sayd ladye, during the siege, did many feats of armes. The knyghtes of Fraunce wold fayne have taken him; but they colde never attrape nor inclose him, his horse was so swyft, and so redy to his hand, that alwaies he escaped." — Vol. II. ch. 71.

#### Note VII.

—— *They low and lonely urn;*  
*O gallant chief of Otterburne.* — St. X. p. 36.

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were



rivals in military fame; so that Froissart affirms, "Of all the battaylles and encounterings that I have made mencion of here before in all this history, great or smalle, this batayle that I treat of nowe was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hertes; for there was neyther knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyre, and fought hande to hande. This batayle was lyke the batayle of Becherell, the which was valiantly fought and endured." The issue of the conflict is well known: Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar. "His obsequye was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tombe of stone, and his baner hangyng over hym." — FROISSART, vol. II. p. 165.

#### Note VIII.

—— *Dark Knight of Liddesdale.* — St. X. p. 36.

William Douglas, called the knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II.; and was so distinguished by his valour, that he called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he was tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir



Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The king had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said, the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined. \* So weak was the royal authority, that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to ap-

\* There is something affecting in the manner in which the old Prior of Lochlevin turns from describing the death of the gallant Ramsay, to the general sorrow which it excited:

To tell you there of the manere,  
It is bot sorow for til here;  
He wes the grettast menynd man  
That ony cowth have thowcht of than,  
Of his state, or of mare be fare;  
All menynt him, bath bettyr and war;  
The ryche and pure him menyde bath,  
For of his dede was mekil skath.

Some years ago, a person digging for stones, about the old castle of Hermitage, broke into a vault, contain-



point the knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder: although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godscroft, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the resentment of the Earl to jealousy. The place, where the knight of Liddesdale was killed, is called, from his name, William Cross, upon the ridge of a hill called William-hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godscroft, was carried to Lindean church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shewn.

#### Note IX.

*The moon on the east oriel shone.* — St. XI. p. 36.

It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful

ing a quantity of chaff, some bones, and pieces of iron; amongst others, the curb of an ancient bridle, which the author has since given to the Earl of Dalhousie, under the impression, that it possibly may be a relique of his brave ancestor. The worthy clergyman of the parish has mentioned this discovery, in his statistical account of Castletown.



specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Dunglass, Bart. has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to produce the frame-work of the roof: and the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work. This ingenious system is alluded to in the romance. Sir James Hall's Essay on Gothic Architecture is published in *The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*.

Note X.

*They sate them down on a marble stone,*

*A Scottish monarch slept below. — St. XII. p. 37.*

A large marble stone, in the chancel of Mel-



rose, is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II., one of the greatest of our early kings; others say, it is the resting place of Waldeve, one of the early abbots, who died in the odour of sanctity.

### Note XI.

——*The wonderful Michael Scott.*—St. XIII. p. 37.

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later aera. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who



were thereby invoked. *Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica*, 1627, lib. xii. p. 495. Lesly characterises Michael Scott, as *singularii philosophiæ, astronomiæ, ac medicinæ laude prestans; dicebatur penitissimos magicæ recessus indagasse.*" Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard:

Quell altro chi ne' fianchi e così poco  
Michele Scoto fu, chi veramente  
Delle magiche frode seppe il gioco.

*Divina Comedia, Canto XXmo.*

A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical frame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labour and antiquity, is ascribed, either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, or of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial: some contend for Holme Coltrame, in Cumberland; others for Melrose Albey. But all agree, that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died. Satchells, wishing to give some authority for his account of the origin of the name of Scott, pretends, that, in 1629, he chanced to be at Burgh under Bowness, in Cumberland, where a person, na-



med Lancelot Scott, shewed him an extract from Michael Scott's works, containing that story:

„He said the book which he gave me  
Was of Sir Michael Scot's historie;  
Which history was never yet read through,  
Nor never will, for no man dare it do.  
Young scholars have pick'd out something  
From the contents, that dare not read within.  
He carried me along the castle then,  
And shew'd his written book hanging on an iron pin.  
His writing pen did seem to me to be  
Of hardened metal, like steel, or accumie;  
The volume of it did seem so large to me,  
As the book of Martyrs and Turks historie.  
Then in the church he let me see  
A stone where Mr Michael Scott did lie;  
I asked at him how that could appear,  
Mr Michael had been dead above five hundered year?  
He shew'd me none durst bury under that stone,  
More than he had been dead a few years ago;  
For Mr Michael's name does terrifie each one.“  
*History of the Right Honourable Name of Scot.*

#### Note XII.

—— *Salamanca's cave.* — St. XIII. p. 38.

Spain, from the reliques, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. Pope Syl-



vester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic, for which he was stigmatised by the ignorance of his age. *William of Malmesbury*, lib. ii. cap. 10. There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand. — *D'Autun on Learned Incredulity*, p. 45. These Spanish schools of magic are celebrated also by the Italian poets of romance:

Questo citta di Tolletto solea  
 Tenere studio di Negromanzia,  
 Quivi di magica arte si leggea  
 Pubblicamente, e di Peromanzia;  
 E molti Geomanti sempre avca  
 E sperimente assai d' Tetremanzia  
 E d' altre false opinion' di sciocchi  
 Come e fatture, o spesso batter gli occhi.  
*Il Morgante Maggiore*, Canto XXV. St. 259.

The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Montalban, called, by Ariosto, Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo, as we learn from *L'Histoire de Maugis D'Aygremon*t. He even held a professor's chair in the necro-



mantic university; for so I interpret the passage, « *qu'en tous les sept arts d'enchantement, des charmes et conjurations, il n'y avoit meilleur maistre que lui; et en tel renom qu'on le laissoit en chaise, et l'appelloit on maistre Maugis.* » This Salamancan Domdaniel is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic reader enquires where Hercules himself learned magic, he may consult. « *Les faicts et proesses du noble et vaillant Hercules,* » where he will learn, that the fable of his aiding Atlas to support the heavens, arose from the said Atlas having taught Hercules, *the noble knight errant*, the seven liberal sciences, and, in particular, that of judicial astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages, were the studies, « *Maximus quæ docuit Atlas.* » — In a romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic king of Spain, he is said to have entered one of those enchanted caverns. It was situated beneath an ancient tower near Toledo; and, when the iron gates, which secured the entrance, were unfolded, there rushed forth so dreadful a whirlwind, that hitherto no one had dared to penetrate into its recesses. But Roderic, threatened with an invasion of the Moors, resolved to enter the cavern, where he expected to find some prophetic intimation of the event of the war. Accordingly, his train



being furnished with torches, so artificially composed, that the tempest could not extinguish them, the king, with great difficulty, penetrated into a square hall, inscribed all over with Arabian characters. In the midst stood a colossal statue of brass, representing a Saracen wielding a Moorish mace, with which it discharged furious blows on all sides, and seemed thus to excite the tempest which raged around. Being conjured by Roderic, it ceased from striking, until he read, inscribed on the right hand, "*Wretched monarch, for thy evil hast thou come hither;*" on the left hand, "*Thou shalt be dispossessed by a strange people;*" on one shoulder, "*I invoke the sons of Hagar:*" on the other, "*I do mine office.*" When the king had decyphered these ominous inscriptions, the statue returned to its exercise, the tempest commenced anew, and Roderic retired, to mourn over the predicted evils which approached his throne. He caused the gates of the cavern to be locked and barricaded; but, in the course of the night, the tower fell with a tremendous noise, and under its ruins concealed for ever the entrance to the mystic cavern. The conquest of Spain by the Saracens, and the death of the unfortunate Don Roderic, fulfilled the prophecy of the brazen statue. *Historia verdadera del Rey*



*Don Rodrigo por el sabio Alcayde Abulcacim, traduzeda de la lengua Arabiga por Miquel de Luna, 1654, cap. vi.*

Note XIII.

*The bells would ring in Notre Dame.—St. XIII. p. 38.*

“*Tantanne rem tam negligenter?*” says Tyrwhitt, of his predecessor Speight; who, in his commentary on Chaucer, had omitted, as trivial and fabulous, the story of Wade and his boat Guingelot, to the great prejudice of posterity, the memory of the hero, and the boat, being now entirely lost. That future antiquaries may lay no such omission to my charge, I have noted one or two of the most current traditions concerning Michael Scott. He was chosen, it is said, to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the king of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book, and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his



rider, What it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licenced the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, "What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly!" When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the king was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the king rather chose to dismiss Michael, with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences. Another time it is said, that, when residing at the tower of Oakwood, upon the Ettricke, about three miles above Selkirk, he heard of the fame of a sorceress, called the Witch of Falsehope, who lived on the opposite side of the river. Michael went one



morning to put her skill to the test, but was disappointed, by her denying positively any knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag observing, suddenly snatched it up, and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house; but, as it had conferred on him the external appearance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd upon the discomfited wizard his own greyhounds, and pursued him so close, that, in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own *jawhole*, (*angelice*, common sewer). In order to revenge himself of the witch of Falsehope, Michael, one morning in the ensuing harvest, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread from the goodwife for his greyhounds, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, laid above the door a paper, which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme, —



Maister Michael Scott's man  
Sought meat, and gat nane.

Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise till her husband sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision; but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of returning, they joined in the dance and chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house; but as his wife's frolic with Mr Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife, now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell; which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and, with his left hand, take the spell from above the door; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance. — This tale was told less particularly



in former editions, and I have been censured for inaccuracy in doing so — A similar charm occurs in *Huon de Bourdeaux*, and in the ingenious Oriental tale, called the *Caliph Vathek*.

Notwithstanding his victory over the witch of Falsehope, Michael Scott, like his predecessor Merlin, fell at last a victim to female art. His wife, or concubine, elicited from him the secret, that his art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth, made of the flesh of a *breme* sow. Such a mess she accordingly administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidante.

#### Note XIV.

*The words, that cleft Eildon Hill in three,  
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone. —*  
St. XIII. p. 38.

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was ac-



complished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered, that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be devided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

Note XV.

*That lamp shall burn unquenchably. —*  
St. XVII. p. 40.

Baptista Porta, and other authors who treat of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres. Fortunius Licetus investigates the subject in a treatise, *De Lucernis antiquorum reconditis*, published at Venice, 1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero. The wick was supposed to be composed of asbestos. Kircher enumerates three different receipts for constructing such lamps; and wisely concludes, that the thing is never-



theless impossible. — *Mundus Subterraneus*, p. 72. Delrio imputes the fabrication of such lights to magical skill. — *Disquisitiones Magicæ*, p. 58. In a very rare romance, which «treateth of the lyfe of Virgilius, and of his deth, and many marvayles that he dyd in his lyfe-time, by wyche-crafte and nygramancye throughe the helpe of the devyls of hell,» mention is made of a very extraordinary process, in which one of these mystical lamps was employed. It seems, that Virgil, as he advanced in years, became desirous of renovating his youth by his magical art. For this purpose he constructed a solitary tower, having only one narrow portal, in which he placed twenty four copper figures, armed with iron flails, twelve on each side of the porch. These enchanted statues struck with their flails incessantly, and rendered all entrance impossible, unless when Virgil touched the spring, which stopped their motion. To this tower he repaired privately, attended by one trusty servant, to whom he communicated the secret of the entrance, and hither they conveyed all the magician's treasure. «Then sayde Virgilius, my dere beloved frende, and he that I above alle men truste and knowe mooste of my secret;» and then he led the man into a cellar, where he made



a *fayer lamp at all seasons burnynge*. And then sayd Virgilius to the man, " Se you the barrel that standeth here? " and he sayd, yea: " Therein must thou put me: fyrste ye must slee me, and hewe me smalle to pieces, and cut my hed in iiii pieces, and salte the heed under in the bottom, and then the pieces there after, and my herte in the myddel, and then set the barrel under the lampe, that nyghte and day the fat therein may droppe and leake; and ye shall ix dayes long, ones in the day, fyll the lampe, and fayle nat. And when this is all done, then shall I be renued, and made yonge agen." At this extraordinary proposal, the confidant was sore abashed, and made some scruple of obeyng his master's commands. At length, however, he complied, and Virgil was slain, pickled, and barrelled up, in all respects according to his own direction. The servant then left the tower, taking care to put the copper thrashers in motion at his departure. He continued daily to visit the tower with the same precaution. Meanwhile, the emperor, with whom Virgil was a great favourite, missed him from the court, and demanded of his servant where he was. The domestic pretended ignorance, till the emperor threatened him with death, when at length he conveyed him to the



enchanted tower. The same threat extorted a discovery of the mode of stopping the statues from wielding their flails. « And then the emperour entered into the castle with all his folke, and sought all aboute in every corner after Virgilius; and at the last they soughte so longe, that they came into the seller, where they sawe the lampe hang over the barrel, where Virgilius lay in deed. Then asked the emperour the man, who had made hym so herdy to put his mayster Virgilius so to dethe; and the man answered no worde to the emperour. And then the emperour, with great anger, drewe out his sworde, and slewe he there Virgilius' man. And when all this was done, then sawe the emperour, and all his folke, a naked childe iii tymes renynge about the barrell, saynge these wordes, 'Cursed be the tyme that ye ever came here.' And with those words vanyshed the chylde awaye, and was never sene ageyn; and thus abyd Virgilius in the barrell deed." *Virgilius*, bl. let. printed at Antwerpe by John Doesborcke. This curious volume is in the valuable library of Mr. Douce; and is supposed to be a translation from the French, printed in Flanders for the English market. See *Goujet Biblioth. Franc.* ix. 225. *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque nationale*, tom. II p. 5. *De Bure*, No. 3857.



## Note XVI.

*He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd.*  
— St. XXI. p. 42.

William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled; and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian. HEYWOOD'S *Hierarchie*, p. 480, quoted from *Sebastian Cobarruvias Crozee*.

## Note XVII.

*The Baron's Dwarf his courser held.* —  
St. XXXI. p. 47.

The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house



among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance.

«The only certain, at least most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man, of the name of Anderson, who was born, and lived all his life, at Todshawhill, in Eskedale-muir, the place where Gilpin appeared and staid for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground, (that is, tying their forefeet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night,) when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, '*Tint! tint! tint!*'\* One of the men, named Moffat, called out, 'What de'il has tint you? Come here.' Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and mis-shapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time;

\* *Tint* signifies lost.



but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its first appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, 'Ah hah, Will o' Moffat, you strike sair!' (viz. *sore.*) After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry, three times, '*Gilpin Horner!*' It started, and said, '*That is me, I must away,*' and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said, he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thenking there must be



some misrepresentation in it." — To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-te-ram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram; who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner on account of his being supposed rather a devise of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited, and that many persons of very good rank and considerable information are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition.

#### Note XVIII.

*But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band,  
Of the best that would ride at her command. —*

St. XXXIII. p. 49.

\*Upon 25th June, 1557, Dame Janet Beatoune Lady Buccleuch, and a great number of the name, of



Scott, delaitit (accused) for coming to the kirk of St Mary of the Lowes, to the number of two hundred persons bodin in feire of weire (arrayed in armour,) and breaking open the door of the said kirk, in order to apprehend the laird of Cranstoune for his destruction." On the 20th July, a warrant from the queen is presented, discharging the justice to proceed against the Lady Buccleuch while new calling. *Abridgment of Books of Adjournal in Advocates' Library.* — The following proceedings upon this case appear on the record of the Court of Justiciary: On the 25th of June, 1557, Robert Scott, in Bowhill parish, priest of the kirk of St Mary's, accused of the convocation of the queen's lieges, to the number of 200 persons, in warlike array, with jacks, helmets, and other weapons, and marching to the chapel of St Mary of the Lowes, for the slaughter of Sir Peter Cranstoun, out of ancient feud and malice prepense, and of breaking the doors of the said kirk, is repledged by the archbishop of Glasgow. The bail given by Robert Scott of Allanhaugh, Adam Scott of Burnefute, Robert Scott in Howfurde, Walter Scott in Todshawhaugh, Walter Scott younger of Synton, Thomas Scott of Hayning, Robert Scott, William Scott, and James Scott, brothers of the said



Walter Scott, Walter Scott in the Woll, and Walter Scott, son of William Scott of Harden, and James Wemyss in Eckford, all accused of the same crime, is declared to be forfeited. On the same day, Walter Scott of Synton, and Walter Chisholme of Chisholme, and William Scott of Harden, became bound, jointly and severally, that Sir Peter Cranstoun, and his kindred and servants, should receive no injury from them in future. At the same time, Patrick Murray of Fallochill, Alexander Stuart, uncle to the laird of Trakwhare, John Murray of Newhall, John Fairlye, residing in Selkirk, George Tait, younger of Pirn, John Pennycuke of Pennycuke, James Ramsay of Cokpen, the laird of Fassyde, and the laird of Henderstoune, were all severally fined for not attending as jurors; being probably either in alliance with the accused parties, or dreading their vengeance. Upon the 20th of July following, Scott of Synton, Chisholme of Chisholme, Scott of Harden, Scott of Howpaslie, Scott of Burnfute, with many others, are ordered to appear at next calling, under the pains of treason. But no farther procedure seems to have taken place. It is said, that, upon this rising, the kirk of St Mary was burnt by the Scotts.

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## NOTES TO CANTO III.

### Note I.

*When, dancing in the sunny beam,  
He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest.—*

St. IV. p. 57.

The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I want.*

### Note II.

*Much he marvelled, a knight of pride,  
Like a book besomed priest should ride. —*

St. VIII. p. 59.

α At Unthank, two miles N. E. from the church



(of Ewes,) there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service, in time of popery. There is a tradition, that friars were wont to come from Melrose, or Jedburgh, to baptise and marry in this parish; and, from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called, by the inhabitants, *Book-a-bosomes*. There is a man yet alive, who knew old men who had been baptised by these Book-a-bosomes, and who says one of them, called Hair, used this parish for a very long time. — *Account of Parish of Ewes, apud Macfarlane's MSS.*

### Note III.

*It had much of glamour might.* — St. IX. p. 60.

*Glamour*, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eye-sight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the witch of Falsehope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Fa' imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with that gypsey leader:



Sae soon as they saw her weel far'd face,  
They cast the *glamour* o'er her.

It was formerly used even in war. In 1381, when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a necromancer offered to « make the ayre so thicke, that they within shal thynke that there is a great bridge on the see (by which the castle was surrounded,) for ten men to go a front; and whan they within the castle se this bridge, they wil be so afrayde, that they shall yelde them to your mercy. The Duke demanded — Fayre Master, on this bridge that ye speke of, may our people assuredly go thereon to the castell to assayle it? Syr, quod the enchantour, I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the bridge make the signe of the crosse on hym, all shall go to noughte, and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the see. Then the Duke began to laugh; and a certain of young knightes, that were there present, said, Syr, for god-sake, let the mayster essay his cunning: we shal leve making of any signe of the crosse on us for that tyme. » The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recognized in the enchantour, the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Payx, who then held it, by persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, that the



sea was coming over the walls. The sage avowed the feat, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Payx. « By my fayth, quod the Erl of Savoy, ye say well; and I will that Sir Charles de la Payx shall know that he hath gret wronge to fear you. But I shall assure hym of you; for ye shall never do enchantment to deceyve hym, nor yet none other. I wolde nat that in tyme to come we shulde be reproached that in so high an enterprise as we be in, wherein there be so many noble knyghtes and squyers assembled, that we shulde do any thyng be enchantment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemys by suche crafte. Then he called to him a servaunt, and said, Go and get a hangman, and let him stryke of this mayster's heed without delay; and as sone as the Erle had commanded it, incontynent it was done, for his heed was stryken of before the Erle's tent. » — FROISSART, vol. I. ch. 391, 392.

The art of glamour, or other fascination, was anciently a principal part of the skill of the *jongleur*, or juggler, whose tricks formed much of the amusement of a Gothic castle. Some instances of this art may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. III. p. 119. In a strange allegorical poem, called the *Houlat*, written by



a dependant of the house of Douglas, about 1452-3, the jay, in an assembly of birds, plays the part of the juggler. His feats of glamonr are thus described:

He gart them see, as it semyt in samyn houre,  
 Hunting at herdis in holtis so hair;  
 Some sailand on the see schippis of toure,  
 Bernis battalland on burd brim as a bare;  
 He coulde carye the coup of the kingis des,  
 Syne leve in the stede,  
 But a black bunwede;  
 He could of a henis hede,  
 Make a man mes.

He gart the Emproure trow, and trewlye behald,  
 That the *corneraik*, the pundare at hand,  
 Had poyndit all his pris hors in a poyud fald,  
 Because thai ete of the corn in the kirkland.  
 He could wirk windaris, quhat way that he wald,  
 Mak a gray gus a gold garland,  
 A lang spere of a bittile for a berne bald,  
 Nobilis of nutschelles, and silver of sand.

Thus joukit with juxters the janglane ja,  
 Fair ladyes in ringis,  
 Knychtis in caralyngis,  
 Bayth dansis and singis,  
 It semyt as sa.



## Note IV.

*Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,  
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;  
It was not given by man alive.—St. X. p. 61.*

Dr Henry More, in a letter prefixed to Glanville's *Saducismus Triumphatus*, mentions a similar phenomenon.

«I remember an old gentleman in the country, of my acquaintance, an excellent Justice of Peace, and a piece of a mathematician; but what kind of a philosopher he was, you may understand from a rhyme of his own making, which he commended to me at my taking horse in his yard, which rhyme is this:

*Ens is nothing till sense finds out:  
Sense ends in nothing, so naught goes about.*

Which rhyme of his was so rapturous to himself, that, on the reciting of the second verse, the old man turned himself about upon his toe as nimbly as one may observe a dry leaf whisked round in the corner of an orchard-walk by some little whirlwind. With this philosopher I have had



many discourses concerning the immortality of the soul and its distinction; when I have run him quite down by reason, he would but laugh at me, and say, this is logic, H. (calling me by my Christian name;) to which I replied, this is reason, father L. (for I used and some others to call him so;) but it seems you are for the new lights, and immediate inspiration, which I confess he was as little for as for the other; but I said so only in way of drollery to him in those times, but truth is, nothing but palpable experience would move him; and being a bold man, and fearing nothing, he told me he had used all the magical ceremonies of conjuration he could, to raise the devil or a spirit, and had a most earnest desire to meet with one, but never could do it. But this he told me, when he did not so much as think of it, while his servant was pulling off his boots in the hall, some invisible hand gave him such a clap upon the back, that it made all ring again; so thought he now, I am invited to the converse of my spirit, and therefore, so soon as his boots were off, and his shoes on, out he goes into the yard and next field, to find out the spirit that had given him this familiar clap on the back, but found none neither in the yard nor field next to it.



“ But though he did not feel this stroke, albeit he thought it afterwards (finding nothing came of it) a mere delusion; yet not long before his death, it had more force with him than all the philosophical arguments I could use to him, though I could wind him and non-plus him as I pleased; but yet all my arguments, how solid soever, made no impression upon him; wherefore, after several reasonings of this nature, whereby I would prove to him the soul's distinction from the body, and its immortality, when nothing of such subtle considerations did any more execution on his mind than some lightning is said to do, though it melts the sword, on the fuzzy consistency of the scabbard, — Well, said I, father L., though none of these things move you, I have something still behind, and what yourself has acknowledged to me to be true, that may do the business: — Do you remember the clap on your back when your servant was pulling off your boots in the hall? Assure yourself, said I, father L., that goblin will be the first that will bid you welcome into the other world. Upon that his countenance changed most sensibly, and he was more confounded with this rubbing up his memory, than with all the rational or philosophical argumentations that I could produce. ”



## Note V.

*The running stream dissolved the spell. —*

St. XIII. p. 62.

It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burn's inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us, that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clods, or stones, into fat pigs, which they sold in the market; but which always re-assumed their proper form, when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish, for a very good reason. "*Gens ista spurcissima non solvunt decimas.*" — *Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud decem Scriptores*, p. 1076.

## Note VI.

*His buckler scarce in breadth a span,*

*No longer fence had he:*

*He never counted him a man,*

*Would strike below the knee.*—St. XVII. p. 65.

Imitated from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers:



A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,  
 Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good;  
 All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,  
 His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew.  
 When setting to their lips their bugles shrill,  
 The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;  
 Their bauldrics set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,  
 To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,  
 A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,  
 Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.  
 All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,  
 They not an arrow drew but was a clothyard long.  
 Of archery they had the very perfect craft.  
 With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft.  
*Ioly-Olbion. Song 26.*

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg,  
 was reckoned contrary to the law of arms. In  
 a tilt betwixt Gawain Michael, an English squire,  
 and Joachim Cathore, a Frenchman, "they met  
 at the speare poyntes rudely: the French squyer  
 justed right pleasantly; the Englishman ran too  
 lowe, for he strak the Frenchman depe into the  
 thigh. Wherewith the Erle of Buckingham was  
 right sore displeased, and so were all the other  
 lords, and sayde how it was shamefully done."  
 FROISSART, vol. I. ch. 366. — Upon a similar  
 occasion, "the two knyghts came a fote eche  
 against other rudely, with their speares low  
 couched, to stryke eche other within the foure  
 quarters. Johan of Castel Morante strake the  
 English squyer on the brest in such wyse, that



Sir William Fermetone stombled and bowed, for his fote a lyttel fayled him. He helde his speare lowe with both his handes, and coude nat amende it, and strake Sir Johan of the Castell-Morante in the thighe, so that the speare went clene throughe, that the heed was sene a handfull on the other syde. And Syre Johan with the stroke reled, but he fell nat. Than the Englyshe knyghtes and squyers were ryghte sore displeased, and sayde how it was a foule stroke. Syr Wyllyam Fermetone excused himselfe, and sayde how he was sorie of that adventure, and howe that yf he had knowen that it shulde have bene so, he wolde never have begon it; sayenge how he coude nat amende it, by cause of glaunsing of his fote by constraynt of the great stroke that Syr Johan of the Castell-Morante had given him. *Ibid.* ch. 373.

#### Note VII.

*And with a charm she staunched the blood. —*

St. XXIII. p. 65.

See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 273.



Tom Potts was but a serving man,  
But yet he was a doctor good;  
He bound his handkerchief on the wound.  
And with some kinds of words he stanch'd the blood.  
*Pieces of ancient popular Poetry, Lond. 1791, p. 131*

## Note VIII.

*But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
And washed it from the clotted gore,  
And salv'd the splinter o'er and o'er. —*  
St. XXIII. p. 68.

Sir Kenelm Digby, in a discourse upon the cure by sympathy, pronounced at Montpelier, before an assembly of nobles and learned men, translated into English by R. White gentleman, and published in 1658, gives us the following curious surgical case:

“Mr James Howell (well known in France for his public works, and particularly for his *Dendrologie*, translated into French by Mons. Baudoin) coming by chance, as two of his best friends were fighting in duel, he did his endeavour to part them; and, putting himselfe between them, seized, with his left hand, upon the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants, while, with his right hand, he laid hold of the blade of the other. They, being transported



with fury one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hindrance their friend made, that they should not kill one another; and one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr Howel's hand; and then the other disengaged his hilts, and gave a crosse blow on his adversarie's head, which glanced towards his friend, who heaving up his sore hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been before within. It seems some strange constellation reigned then against him, that he should lose so much bloud by parting two such dear friends, who, had they been themselves, would have hazarded both their lives to have preserved his: but this involuntary effusion of bloud by them, prevented that which they sholde have drawn one from the other. For they, seeing Mr Howel's face besmeared with bloud, by heaving up his wounded hand, they both ran to embrace him; and, having searched his hurts, they bound up his hand with one of his garters, to close the veins which were cut, and bled abundantly. They brought him home, and sent for a surgeon. But this being heard at court, the king sent one of his own surgeons; for his majesty much affected the said Mr Howel.



“It was my chance to be lodged hard by him; and four or five days after, as I was making myself ready, he came to my house, and prayed me to view his wounds; ‘for I understand,’ said he, ‘that you have extraordinary remedies on such occasions, and my surgeons apprehend some fear that it may grow to a gangrene, and so the hand must be cut off.’” In effect, his countenance discovered that he was in much pain, which he said was insupportable, in regard of the extreme inflammation. I told him I would willingly serve him; but if haply he knew the manner how I would cure him, without touching or seeing him, it may be he would not expose himself to my manner of curing, because he would think it, peradventure, either ineffectual or superstitious. He replied, ‘the wonderful things which many have related unto me of your way of medicinement, makes me nothing doubt at all of its efficacy; and all that I have to say unto you is comprehended in the Spanish proverb, *Hagase el milagro y hagalo Mahoma* — Let the miracle be done, though Mahomet do it.’

“I asked him then for any thing that had the blood upon it; so he presently sent for his garter, wherewith his hand was first bound: and as I called for a bason of water, as if I would wash my hands, I took a handful of powder of



vitriol, which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as the bloody garter was brought me, I put it within the bason, observing, in the interim, what Mr Howel did, who stood talking with a gentleman in a corner of my chamber, not regarding at all what I was doing; but he started suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he ailed? 'I know not what ailes me; but I finde that I feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kinde of freshnesse, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.' I replied, 'Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your playsters; only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold.' This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the king, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the businesse, which was, that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr Howel's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more; for the heat was such as if his hand were 'twixt coles of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present,



yet he should find ease in a short time; for I knew the reason of this new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went; and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water, thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six dayes the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed." Page 6.

The king (James VI.) obtained from Sir Kenelm the discovery of his secret, which he pretended had been taught him by a Carmelite friar, who had learned it in Armenia, or Persia. Let not the age of animal magnetism and metallic tractors smile at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby. Reginald Scott mentions the same mode of cure in these terms: "And that which is more strange . . . . they can remedie anie stranger with that verie sword wherewith they are wounded. Yea, and that which is beyond all admiration, if they stroke the sword upward with their fingers, the partie shall feelee no pain; whereas, if they draw their fingers downwards, thereupon the partie wounded shall feelee intolerable pain."



I presume that the success ascribed to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed in washing the wound, and excluding the air, thus cringing on a cure by the first intention. It is introduced by Dryden in the *Enchanted Island*, a (very unnecessary) alteration of the *Tempest*:

*Ariel.* Anoint the sword which pierced him with this  
Weapon-salve, and wrap it close from air,  
Till I have time to visit him again. — *Act v. sc. 2.*

Again, in scene 4th, Miranda enters with Hippolito's sword wrapt up:

*Hip.* O my wound pains me. [*She unwraps the Sword.*

*Mir.* I am come to ease you.

*Hip.* Alas, I feel the cold air come to me;  
My wound shoots worse than ever.

*Mir.* Does it still grieve you?

[*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*

*Hip.* Now, methinks, there's something laid just upon it.

*Mir.* Do you find no ease?

*Hip.* Yes, yes; upon the sudden all this pain  
Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased!

#### Note IX.

*On Prenchryst glows a bale of fire,  
And three are kindling on Priest haughswire. —*

*St. XXVII. p. 71.*

The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic commu-



nication with Edinburgh. — The act of parliament 1455, c. 48, directs, that one bale or faggot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales, that they are *coming indecd*; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. «The same taikenings to be watched and maid at Eggerhope (Eggerstane) Castell, fra they se the fire of Hume, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Sowtra Edge, sall se the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mak taikening in like manner: And then may all Louthaine be warned, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh; and their four fires to be made in like manner, that they in Fife, and fra Striveling east, and the east part of Louthaine, and to Dunbar, all may se them, and come to the defence of the realme.» These beacons (at least in latter times) were «a long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel.» — STEVENSON'S *History*, vol. II. p. 701.

Note X.

*Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise. —*

St. XXVII. p. 71.

The speed with which the Borderers collected



great bodies of horse, may be judged of from the following extract, when the subject of the rising was much less important than that supposed in the romance. It is taken from Carey's *Memoirs*:

“Upon the death of the old Lord Scroop, the queen gave the west wardenry to his son, that had married my sister. He having received that office, came to me with great earnestness, and desired me to be his deputy, offering me that I should live with him in his house; that he would allow me half a dozen men, and as many horses, to be kept at his charge; and his fee being 1000 marks yearly, he would part it with me, and I should have the half. This his noble offer I accepted of, and went with him to Carlisle; where I was no sooner come, but I entered into my office. We had a stirring time of it; and few days past over my head but I was on horseback, either to prevent mischief, or take malefactors, and to bring the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past. One memorable thing of God's mercy shewed unto me, was such as I have good cause still to remember it.

—“I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scottish men, that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of



the Graemes relieved. This Graeme dwelt within fivemiles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence in time of need. — About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me, that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear his language. He then said to me, 'Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour; and he is gone to let them know, that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you; and that if they will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please.' Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and withall we sent to Carlisle to raise the



townsmen; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and, after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men; whom we presently set to work, to get up to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower. — The Scots, seeing their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see 400 horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but of a sudden they stayed, and stood at gaze. Then had I more to do than ever; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak gras nags, such as they could get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may



take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours.' I desired they would be patient a while, and bethought myself, if I should give them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape unkill'd (there were so many deadly feuds among them); and therefore I resolv'd with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself, they might then do what pleas'd themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would lie very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and, if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleas'd. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could; for if they stay'd the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were return'd homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escap'd a great danger; and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives sav'd that day."



## Note XI.

*On many a cairn's gray pyramid,  
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid. —*  
St. XXIX. p. 73.

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction, the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments; his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

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NOTES TO CANTO IV.

Note I.

*Great Dundee.* — St. II. p. 80.

The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killicrankie.

Note II.

*For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,  
The peasant left his lowly shed.* — St. III. p. 80.

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army. — (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. I. p. 49) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaws,



upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eske, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment. "In the way as we came, not far from this place (Long Niddry,) George Ferres, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's . . . . happened upon a cave in the ground, the mouth whereof was so worne with the fresh printe of steps, that he seemed to be certayne thear wear some folke within; and gone doune to trie, he was redily receyved with a hakebut or two. He left them not yet, till he had knowen wheyther thei wold be content to yeld and come out; which they fondly refusing, he went to my lorde's grace, and upon utterance of the thyng, gat licence to deale with them as he coulde; and so returned to them, with a skore or two of pioners. Three ventes had their cave, that we wear ware of, whereof he first stopt up on; anoother he fill'd full of strawe, and set it a fyer, whereat they within cast water apace; but it was so wel maynteyned without, that the fyer prevayled, and thei within fayn to get them belyke into anoother parler. Then devysed (for I hapt to be with him) to stop the same up, whereby we should eyther smoothen them, or fynd out their



ventes, if thei hadde any moe: as this was done at another issue, about xii score of, we moughte see the fume of their smoke to come out: the which continued with so great a force, and so long a while, that we could not but thinke they must needs get them out, or smother within: and forasmuch as we found not that they dyd the tone, we thought it for certain thei wear sure of the toother." — PATTEN's *Account of Somerset's Expedition into Scotland*, apud DALYELL's *Fragments*.

#### Note III.

*Southern ravage.* — St. III. p. 81.

From the following fragment of a letter from the Earl of Northumberland to King Henry VIII., preserved among the Cotton MSS. Calig. B. vii 179, the reader may estimate the nature of the dreadful war which was occasionally waged upon the Borders, sharpened by mutual cruelties, and the personal hatred of the wardens, or leaders.

Some Scottish barons, says the earl, had threatened to come within "three miles of my pore house of Werkworth, where I lye, and gif me light to put on my clothes at mydnyght; and al-



soo the said Marke Carr said there opynly, that, seyng they had a governor on the marches of Scotland, as well as they had in England, he shulde kepe your highness instructions, gyffyn unto your garyson, for making of any day forrey; for he and his friends wolde burne enough on the nyght, lettyng your counsaill here defyne a notable acte at theyre pleasures. Upon whiche, in your highnes' name, I comaundet dewe watche to be kepte on your marchies, for comyng in of any Scotts. — Neutheles, upon Thursday at night last, came thyrty light horsemen into a litil village of myne, called Whitell, having not past sex houses, lying towards Ryddisdaill, upon Shilbotell more, and ther wold have fyred the said howses, but ther was noo fyre to get there, and they forgate to brynge any withe theyme; and took a wyf, being great with chylde, in the said towne, and said to hyr, Wher we can not gyve the lard lyght, yet we shall doo this in spyte of hym, and gyve her iii mortall wounds upon the heid, and another in the right side, with a dagger: wheruppon the said wyf is deede, and the childe in her bely is loste. Beseeching your most gracious highnes to reduce unto your gracious memory this wyllful and shamefull murder, done within this your highnes' realme, notwithstanding all the inhabitants thereabout rose unto



the said fray, and gave warnynge by becons into the countrey afore theyme, and yet the Scottsmen dyde escape. And uppon certeyne knowledge to my brother Clyfforthe and me, had by credable persons of Scotland, this abomynable act not only to be done by dyverse of the Mershe, but also the afore named persons of Tyvidaill, and consented to, as by appearance, by the Erle of Murey, upon Friday at night last, let slyy C of the best horsemen of Glendaill, with a parte of your highnes' subjects of Berwyke, together with George Dowglas, whoo came into England agayne, in the dawning of the day; but afore theyre retorne, they dyd mar the Earl of Murrei's provisions at Coldingham: for they did not only burne the said town of Coldingham, with all the corne thereunto belonging, which is esteemed wurthe cii marke sterling; but alsoo burned twa townes nye adjoining thereunto, called Branerdergest and the Black Hill, and toke xxiii persons, lx horse, with cc hed of cataill, which nowe, as I am informed, hathe not only been a staye of the said Erle of Murrei's not coming to the Bordure as yet, but alsoo, that none inlande man will adventure theyr selfs uppon the marches. Ad as for the tax that shulde have been grauntyd for finding of the said iii hundred men, is utterly deny-



ed. Upon which the king of Scotland departed from Edynburgh to Stirling, and as yet there doth remayn. And also I, by the advice of my brother Clyffort, have devysed, that within this iii nyghts, Godde willing, Kelsey, in lyke case, shall be brent, with all the corne in the said town; and then they shall have noo place to lye any garyson in nygh unto the Borders. And as I shall atteigue further knowledge, I shall not faill to satisfye your highnes, according to my most bounden dutie. And for this burnyng of Kelsey is devysed to be done secretly, by Tyndail and Ryddisdale. And thus the holy Trynite and \* \* \* your most royal estate, with long lyf, and as much increase of honour as your most noble heart can desire. *At Werkworth, the xxiid day of October.*" (1522.)

#### Note IV.

*Watt Tinlinn.* — St. IV. p. 81.

This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession,



a *sutor*, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated, and forced to fly. Watt Tinlinn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tinlinn dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult: "Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots: the heels *risp*, and the seams *rive*." \* — "If I cannot sew," — retorted Tinlinn, discharging a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle, — "If I cannot sew, I can *yerk*." \*\*

## Note V.

*Bilhope Stag.* — St. V. p. 82.

There is an old rhyme, which thus celebrates the places in Liddesdale, remarkable for game:

\* *Risp*, creak — *Rive*, tear.

\*\* *Yerk*, to twitch, as shoemakers do, in securing the stitches of their work.



Bilhope braes for bucks and raes,  
 And Carit haugh for swine,  
 And Tarras for the good bull-trout,  
 If he be ta'en in time.

The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine, are now extinct; but the good bull-trout is still famous.

NOTE VI.

*Of silver broach and bracelet proud.* — St. V. p. 82.

As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations; so much exposed to be burnt and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females. — See LESLY *de Moribus Limitaneorum*.

NOTE VII.

*Belted Will Howard.* — St. VI. p. 32.

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of



his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and, from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions. In the castle of Naworth, his apartments, containing a bedroom, oratory, and library, are still shewn. They impress us with an unpleasing idea of the life of a lord warden of the marches. Three or four strong doors, separating these rooms from the rest of the castle, indicate apprehensions of treachery from his garrison; and the secret winding passages, through which he could privately descend into the guard-room, or even into the dungeons, imply the necessity of no small degree of secret superintendence on the part of the governor. As the ancient books and furniture have remained undisturbed, the venerable appearance of these apartments, and the armour scattered around the chamber, almost lead us to expect the arrival of the warden in person. Naworth Castle is situated near Brampton, in Cumberland. Lord William Howard is ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle.



## Note VIII.

*Lord Dacre.* — St. VI. p. 82.

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Coeur de Lion. There were two powerful branches of that name. The first family, called Lord Dacres of the South, held the castle of the same name, and are ancestors to the present Lord Dacre. The other family, descended from the same stock, were called Lord Dacres of the North, and were barons of Gilsland and Graystock. A chieftain of the latter branch was warden of the West Marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a man of a hot and obstinate character, as appears from some particulars of Lord Surrey's letter to Henry VIII., giving an account of his behaviour at the siege and storm of Jedburgh. It is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Appendix to the Introduction.

## Note IX.

*The German hackbut-men.* — St. VI. p. 83.

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and



his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred hackbuteers on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 27th September, 1549, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, writes to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches: "The Almaines, in number two thousand, very valiant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft, and with the force of your wardenry, (which we would were advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be,) shall make the attempt to Loughmaben, being of no such strength but that it may be skailed with ladders, whereof, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or else undermined with the pyke-axe, and so taken: either to be kept for the king's majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlawerock to be used." Repeated mention occurs of the Almaines, in the subsequent correspondence; and the enterprise seems finally to have been abandoned, from the difficulty of providing these strangers with the necessary "victuals and cariages in so poor a country as Dumfries-shire." *History of Cumberland*, vol. I. Introd. p. lxi.



From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters, we learn, that the Low-Country and German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bared. And we may also observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribband. This custom of the Germans is alluded to in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, p. 121.

Their pleited garments therewith well accord,  
All jagde and frounst, with divers colours deckt.

#### Note X.

*His ready lances Thirlestane brave  
Array'd beneath a banner bright.* — St. VIII. p. 84.

Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamescleuch, etc. lying upon the river of Ettricke, and extending to St Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears, that when James had assembled his nobility, and their feudal followers, at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared



himself ready to follow the king wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, *Ready, aye ready*. The charter itself is printed by Nisbet; but his work being scarce, I insert the following accurate transcript from the original, in the possession of the Right Honourable Lord Napier, the representative of John of Thirlestaine.

“JAMES REX.

“We James, be the grace of God, king of Scotland, considerand the flaith and guid servis of of of\* right traist friend John Scott of Thirlestane, quha cummand to our hoste at Soutraedge, with three score and ten launcieres on horseback of his friends and followers, and beand willing to gang with ws into England, when all our nobles and other refused, he was ready to stake all at our bidding; ffor the quhilk cause, it is our will, and we doe straitlie command and charg our lion herauld and his deputies for the time beand,

\* Sic in orig.



to give and to graunt to the said John Scott,  
ane Border of fleure de lises about his coatte  
of armes, sik as is on our royal banner, and  
alsua ane bundell of launces above his helmet,  
with thir words, Readdy, ay Readdy, that he  
and all his aftercummers may bruik the samine  
as a pledge and taiken of our guid will and  
kyndnes for his true worthines; an thir our  
letters seen, ye nae wayes failzie to doe. Given  
at Ffalla Muire, under our hand and privy cas-  
het, the xxvii day of July, m c and xxxii zeires.  
By the King's graces speciall ordinance.

JO. ARSKINE. »

On the back of the charter is written,  
«Edin. 14. January, 1713. Registred, con-  
form to the act of parliament made anent pro-  
bative writs, per M'Kaile, pror. and produced  
by Alexander Borthwick, Servant to Sir Wil-  
liam Scott of Thirlestane. M. L. J.»

#### Note XI.

*An aged knight, to danger steel'd,  
With many a moss-trooper, came on;  
And azure in a golden field,  
The stars and crescent graced his shield,  
Without the bend of Murdiestone.-St. IX. p. 84. 85.*

The family of Harden are descended from a



younger son of the laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murdieston was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognizance of the Scotts upon the field: whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage. — See GLADSTAINÉ of *Whitelawe's MSS.* and SCOTT of *Stokoe's Pedigree*, Newcastle, 1783.

Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border free-booter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; others in LEYDEN'S *Scenes of Infancy*; and others, more lately, in *The Mountain Bard*, a collection of Border ballads by Mr James Hogg. The bugle-horn, said to have been used by this formidable leader, is preserved by his descendant the present Mr Scott of Harden. — His castle was situate upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish,



announced to the hungry band, that they must ride for a supply of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of Yarrow. He possessed a very extensive estate, which was divided among his five sons. There are numerous descendants of this old marauding Baron. The following beautiful passage of LEYDEN'S *Scenes of Infancy* is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive, whom Walter of Harden carried off in a predatory incursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs:

Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,  
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,  
Through slaty hills, whose sides are shagged with thorn,  
Where springs, in scattered tufts, the dark-green corn,  
Towers wood-girt Harden, far above the vale,  
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail  
A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,  
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,  
Here fixed his mountain home; — a wide domain,  
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;  
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,  
From fields more blessed his fearless arm supplied.

The waning harvest moon shone cold and bright;  
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;  
And as the massy portals wide were flung,  
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.



What fair, half-veiled, leans from her latticed hall,  
 Where red the wavering gleams of torch-light fall?  
 'Tis Yarrow's fairest Flower, who, through the gloom,  
 Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.  
 Amid the piles of spoil, that strewn the ground,  
 Her ear all anxious, caught a wailing sound;  
 With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,  
 And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

Scared at the sight, his little hands he flung  
 Around her neck, and to her bosom clung,  
 While beauteous Mary soothed, in accents mild,  
 His fluttering soul, and clasped her foster child.  
 Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,  
 Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view;  
 In vales remote, from camps and castles far,  
 He shunned the fearful shuddering joy of war;  
 Content the loves of simple swains to sing,  
 Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill  
 The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,  
 When evening brings the merry folding hours,  
 And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.  
 He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,  
 To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier;  
 But none was found above the minstrel's tomb  
 Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom:  
 He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,  
 Saved other names, and left his own unsung.

### Note XII.

*Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band.* — St. X. p. 85.

In this, and the following stanzas, some ac-



count is given of the mode in which the property of the valley of Esk was transferred from the Beattisons, its ancient possessors, to the name of Scott. It is needless to repeat the circumstances, which are given in the poem, literally as they have been preserved by tradition. Lord Maxwell, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, took upon himself the title of Earl of Morton. The descendants of Beattison of Woodkerrick, who aided the earl to escape from his disobedient vassals, continued to hold these lands within the memory of man, and were the only Beattisons who had property in the dale. The old people give locality to the story, by showing the Galliard's Haugh, the place where Buccleuch's men were concealed, etc.

### Note XIII.

*Their gathering word was Bellenden.*--St. XIII. p. 89.

Bellenden is situated near the head of Borthwick water, and, being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.—Survey of Selkirkshire, in *Macfarlane's MSS. Advocates' Library*. Hence Satchells calls one



part of his genealogical account of the families of that clan, his Bellenden.

Note XIV.

*The camp their home, their law the sword,  
They knew no country, own'd no lord. —*

St. XVIII. p. 93.

The mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1380, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, mutinied for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: "I counsayle, let us be alle of one alliance, and of one accorde, and let us among ourselves reyse up the baner of St George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemyes to alle the worlde; for without we make ourselfe to be feared, we gette nothyng."

"By my fayth," quod Sir William Helmon, "ye saye right well, and so let us do." They all agreed with one voyce, and so regarded among them who shulde be their capitayne. Then they advysed in the case how they coude nat have a better capitayne than Sir John Soltier. For they sulde than have good leyser to



do yvell, and they thought he was more metelyer therto than any other. Than they raised up the penon of St George, and cried, "A Soltier! a Soltier! the valyaunt bastarde! frendes to God, and enemies to all the worlde!" FROISSART, vol. I. ch. 393.

Note XV.

— *A gauntlet on a spear.* — St. XXI. p. 95.

A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded. See LESLY.

Note XVI.

*We claim from thee William of Deloraine,  
That he may suffer march-treason pain.* —  
St. XXIV. p. 97.

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country



during the time of truce. Thus, in an indenture made at the water of Eske, beside Salom, on the 25th day of March, 1334, betwixt noble lords and mighty, Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galoway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July; and it is expressly accorded, «Gif ony stellis authir on the ta part, or on the tothyr, that he shall be henget or heofdit; and gif ony company stellis any gudes within the trieux beforesayd, ane of that company sall be henget or heofdit, and the remanant sall restore the gudys stolen in the dubble.» — *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, Introd. p. xxxix.

Note XVII.

——— *William of Deloraine*

*Will cleanse himb, y oath, of march-treason stain.*

St. XXVI. p. 98.

In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing bills, or indictments, by Border-oath, ran thus: «You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God him-



self, you are whart out sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd, kenning, having, or recetting of any of the goods and cattels named in this bill. So help you God." — *History of Cumberland*, Introd. p. xxv.

### Note XVIII.

*Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword.* —  
St. XXVI. p. 98.

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly offended his jealous sovereign by the indiscriminate exertion of this privilege. Amongst others, he knighted the witty Sir John Harrington, whose favour at court was by no means enhanced by his new honours. — See the *Nugae Antiquae*, edited by Mr Park. But probably the latest instance of knighthood, conferred by a subject, was in the case of Tho-



mas. Ker, knighted by the Earl of Huntley, after the defeat of the Earl of Argyle in the battle of Belrinnes. The fact is attested, both by a poetical and prose account of the engagement, contained in an ancient MS. in the Advocates' Library, and lately edited by Mr Dalryell, in *Godly Sangs and Ballets*, Edin. 1802.

Note XIX.

*When English blood swell'd Ancram ford. —*  
St. XXVI. p. 98.

The battle of Ancram Moor, or Peniel-heuch, was fought A. D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesly.

Note XX.

*The blanche lion. —* St. XXX. p. 101.

This was the cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches. The crest, or bearing, of a warrior, was often used as a *nomme*



*de guerre.* Thus Richard III. acquired his well-known epithet, *the Boar of York*. In the violent satire on Cardinal Wolsey, written by Roy, commonly, but erroneously, imputed to Dr Bull, the Duke of Buckingham is called the *Beautiful Swan*, and the Duke of Norfolk, or Earl of Surrey, the *White Lion*. As the book is extremely rare, and the whole passage relates to the emblematical interpretation of heraldry, it shall be here given at length.

*The Description of the Armes.*

Of the proud Cardinal this is the shelde,  
 Borne up betwene two angels of Sathan;  
 The sixe bloody axes in a bare felde,  
 Sheweth the cruelte of the red man,  
 Which hath devoured the Beautiful Swan,  
 Mortal enemy unto the Whyte Lion,  
 Carter of Yorke, the vyle butcher's sonne.  
 The sixe bulles heddes in a felde blacke,  
 Betokeneth his stordy furiousness,  
 Wherefore, the godly lyght to put abacke,  
 He bryngeth in his dyvlish darcnes;  
 The bandog in the middes doth expresse  
 The mastiff curre bred in Ypswich towne,  
 Gnawynge with his teth a kinges crowne.  
 The cloubbe signifieth playne his tyranny,  
 Covered over with a Cardinal's hatt,  
 Wherein shall be fulfilled the prophecy,  
 Aryse up, Jacke, and put on thy salatt,  
 For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt.  
 The temporall chevalry thus thrown doune,  
 Wherfor prest take hede, and beware thy crowne.



There were two copies of this very scarce satire in the library of the late John, Duke of Roxburgh. See an account of it also in Sir Egerton Bridges' curious miscellany, the *Censura Literaria*.

Note XXI.

*Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine  
In single fight. ——— St. XXX. p. 101. 102.*

It may easily be supposed, that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders. In 1558, the well-known Kirkaldy of Grange fought a duel with Ralph Evre, brother to the then Lord Evre, in consequence of a dispute about a prisoner said to have been ill treated by the Lord Evre. Pit-scottie gives the following account of the affair: "The Lord of Ivers his brother provoked William Kirkaldy of Grange to fight with him, in singular combat, on horseback, with spears; who, keeping the appointment, accompanied with Monsieur d'Ossel, lieutenant to the French king, and the garrison of Haymouth, and Mr Ivers accompanied with the governor and garrison of Berwick, it was discharged, under the pain of treason, that any man should come near



the champions within a flight-shot, except one man for either of them, to bear their spears, two trumpets, and two lords to be judges. When they were in readiness, the trumpets sounded, the heraulds cried, and the judges let them go. Then they encountered very fiercely; but Grange struck his spear through his adversary's shoulder, and bare him off his horse, being sore wounded: But whether he died, or not, it is uncertain." — P. 202.

The following indenture will show at how late a period the trial by combat was resorted to on the Border, as a proof of guilt or innocence:

"It is agreed between Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such controversies as are betwixt them, to have it openly tried by way of combat, before God and the face of the world, to try it in Canonbyholme, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter-week, being the eighth day of April next ensuing, A. D. 1602, betwixt nine of the clock, and one of the same day, to fight on foot, to be armed with jack, steel cap, plaite sleeves, plaite braches, plaite sockes, two basleard swords, the blades to be one yard and half a quarter of length, two Scotch daggers, or dorks, at their girdles, and either of



them to provide armour and weapons for themselves, according to this indenture. Two gentlemen to be appointed, on the field, to view both the parties, to see that they both be equal in arms and weapons, according to this indenture; and being so viewed by the gentlemen, the gentlemen to ride to the rest of the company, and to leave them but two boys, viewed by the gentlemen, to be under sixteen years of age, to hold their horses. In testimony of this our agreement, we have both set our hands to this indenture, of intent all matters shall be made so plain, as there shall be no question to stick upon that day. Which indenture, as a witness, shall be delivered to two gentlemen. And for that it is convenient the world should be privy to every particular of the grounds of the quarrel, we have agreed to set it down in this indenture betwixt us, that, knowing the quarrel, their eyes may be witness of the trial.

*The Grounds of the Quarrel.*

« 1. Lancelot Carleton did charge Thomas Musgrave before the lords of her majesty's privy council, that Lancelot Carleton was told by a gentleman, one of her majesty's sworn servants, that Thomas Musgrave had offered to deliver



her majesty's castle of Bewcastle to the king of Scots; and to witness the same, Lancelot Carleton had a letter under the gentleman's own hand for his discharge.

« 2. He chargeth him, that whereas her majesty doth yearly bestow a great fee upon him, as captain of Bewcastle, to aid and defend her majesty's subjects therein; Thomas Musgrave hath neglected his duty, for that her majesty's castle of Bewcastle was by him made a den of thieves, and an harbour and receipt for murderers, felons, and all sorts of misdemeanors. The precedent was Quintin Witehead and Runion Blackburne.

« 3. He chargeth him, that his office of Bewcastle is open for the Scotch to ride in and through, and small resistance made by him to the contrary.

« Thomas Musgrave doth deny all this charge; and saith, that he will prove that Lancelot Carleton doth falsely bely him, and will prove the same by way of combat, according to this indenture. Lancelot Carleton hath entertained the challenge; and so, by God's permission, will prove it true as before, and hath set his hand to the same.

(Signed) THOMAS MUSGRAVE.  
LANCELOT CARLETON. »



## Note XXII.

*He, the jovial Harper.* — St. XXXIV. p. 104.

The person, here alluded to, is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This *soubriquet* was probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule water so called. They retired to a meadow, on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called "Rattling Roaring Willie." Ramsay, who set no value on traditional lore, published a few verses of this song in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, carefully suppressing all which had any connection with the history of the author and origin of the piece. In this case, however, honest Allan is in some



degree justified, by the extreme worthlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the text.

Now Willie's gane to Jeddart,  
And he's for the rood-day; \*  
But Stobs and young Falnash, \*\*  
They followed him a' the way;  
They followed him a' the way,  
They sought him up and down,  
In the links of Ousenam water,  
They fand him sleeping sound.

Stobs lighted aff his horse,  
And never a word he spak,  
Till he tied Willie's hands  
Fu' fast behind his back;  
Fu' fast behind his back,  
And down beneath his knee,  
And drink will be dear to Willie,  
When sweet milk \*\*\* gars him die.

Ah wae light on ye, Stobs!  
An ill death mo ye die  
Ye're the first and foremost man  
That e'er laid hands on me;  
That e'er laid hands on me,  
And took my mare me frae;  
Wae to you, Sir Gilbert Elliot!  
Ye are my mortal fae!

\* The day of the Rood-fair at Jedburgh.

\*\* Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and Scott of Falnash.

\*\*\* A wretched pun on his antagonist's name.



The lasses of Ousenam water  
 Are rugging and riving their hair,  
 And a' for the sake of Willie,  
 His beauty was so fair,  
 His beauty was so fair,  
 And comely for to see,  
 And drink will be dear to Willie,  
 When sweet milk gars him die.

Note XXIII.

*Black Lord Archibald's battle laws,*  
*In the old Douglas' day.* — St. XXXIV. p. 104.

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus:

« Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of December, 1468, Earl *William Douglas* assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of *Lincluden*; and there he caused these lords and Borderers bodily to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they, justly and truly, after their cunning, should decrete, decern, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that were ordained in *Black Archibald* of *Douglas's* days, and Archibald his son's days, in time of warfare; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances, which



were in time of warfare before. The said Earl *William*, seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said lords and Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borders; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare, he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes underwritten. Also, the said Earl *William*, and lords, and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be used, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming."



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## NOTES TO CANTO V.

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### Note I.

*The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,  
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name! —*  
St. IV. p. 113.

The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognizance of the house of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land.



## Note II.

— *The Seven Spears of Wedderburne.* —  
St. IV. p. 113.

Sir David Home of Wedderburn, who was slain in the fatal battle of Flodden, left seven sons by his wife, Isabel, daughter of Hoppringle of Galashiels (now Pringle Whitebank.) They were called the Seven Spears of Wedderburne.

## Note III.

*And Swinton laid the lance in rest,  
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest  
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.*—St. IV. p. 113.

At the battle of Beaugé, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors.



## Note IV.

*Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,  
And Hepburn's mingled banners, come,  
Down the steep mountain glittering far,  
And shouting still, «A Home! a Home!»—*

St. IV. p. 114.

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent; but, as a difference, changed the colour of the shield from gules to vert, in allusion to Greenlaw, their ancient possession. The slogan, or war-cry, of this powerful family, was, «A Home! a Home!» It was anciently placed in an escrol above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head erased gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine.

The Hepburns, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homes. The chief of this clan was Hepburn, Lord of Hailes; a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell.

## Note V.

*Pursued the foot-ball play. — St. VI. p. 115.*

The foot-ball was anciently a very favourite



sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, warden of the middle marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his *Memoirs*, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scottish riders to be held at Kelso, for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present, the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle.

#### Note VI.

*'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change  
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,  
In the old Border day. — St. VII. p. 116.*

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity, which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the outposts of hostile armies, they often car-



ried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connection. Froissart says of both nations, that « Englyshmen on the one party, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre; for when they meet, there is a harde fight without sparynge. There is no hoo (*truce*) between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure, but lay on eche upon uther; and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then gloryfye so in theyre dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed, or that they go out of the felde; so that shortly eche of them is so content with other, that, at their departynge, curtyslye they will say, God thank you. » — BERNERS' *Froissart*, vol. II. p. 153. The Border meetings of truce, which, although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most bloody scenes, may serve to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the Reidsquair. Both parties came armed to a meeting of the wardens, yet they



intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose:

Then was there nought but bow and spear,  
And every man pulled out a brand

In the 29th stanza of this Canto, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings, with which the Borderers on each side were led to regard their neighbours.

#### Note VII.

*A frequent, on the darkening plain,  
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,  
As bands, their stragglers to regain,  
Gave the shrill watch-word of their clan. —*

St. VIII. p. 117.

Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset on his expedition against Scotland. «As we wear then a setling, and the tents a setting up, among all things els commendable in our hole journey, one thing seemed to me an intollerable disorder and abuse: that whearas allways, both in all tounes of war, and in all



campes of armies, quietnes and stilnes, without nois, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed, (I nede not reason why,) our northern prikkers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie (as thought me,) and not unlike (to be playn) unto a masterles hounde howlyng in a hie wey when he hath lost him he waited upon, sum hoopynge, sum whistlyng, and most with crying, A Berwyke, a Berwyke! A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke! A Bulmer, a Bulmer; or so ootherwise as their captains names wear, never lin'de these troublous and dangerous noyses all the nyghte longe. They said, they did it to finde their captain and fellows; but if the souldiers of our oother countreys and sheres had used the same maner, in that case we should have oft tymes had the state of our camp more like the outrage of a dissolute huntynge, than the quiet of a well ordered armye. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could rehearse causes (but yf I take it, they are better unspoken than uttred, unless the faut wear sure to be amended) that might shew thei move alweis more peral to our armie, but in their one nyght's so doynge, than they shew good service (as sum sey) in a hoole vyage." *Apud DALZELL'S Fragments, p. 75.*



## Note VIII.

*Cheer the dark blood hound on his way,  
And with the bugle rouse the fray.*--St. XXIX. p. 132.

The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned blood-shed. In addition to what has been said of the blood-hound, I may add, that the breed was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border estates till within the 18th century. A person was alive in the memory of man, who remembered a blood-hound being kept at Eldinhope, in Ettricke Forest, for whose maintenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At that time the sheep were always watched at night. Upon one occasion, when the duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue, and fell asleep upon a bank, near sun-rising. Suddenly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five men, well mounted and armed, ride briskly over the edge of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock; but the day was too far broken to



admit the chance of their carrying any of them off. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, and, coming to the shepherd, seized him by the belt he wore round his waist; and, setting his foot upon his body, pulled it till it broke, and carried it away with him. They rode off at the gallop; and, the shepherd giving the alarm, the blood-hound was turned loose, and the people in the neighbourhood alarmed. The marauders, however, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circumstance serves to show how very long the licence of the Borderers continued in some degree to manifest itself.



## NOTES TO CANTO VI.

### Note I.

*She wrought not by forbidden spell.*—St. V. p. 140.

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians, and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil. The classical reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote:

« Virgilius was at scule at Tolenton, where he stodyed dylygently, for he was of great un-



derstandynge. Upon a tyme, the scolers had lycense to go to play and sporte them in the fylde, after the usance of the holde tyme. And there was also Virgilius therbye, also walkynge among the hylles alle about. It fortunéd he spyed a great hole in the syde of a great hyll, wherein he went so depe, that he culd not see no more lyght; and than he went a lytell farther therein, and than he saw some lyght agayne, and than he went fourth streyghte, and within a lytyll wyle after he harde a voyce that called, 'Virgilius! Virgilius!' and looked aboute, and he colde nat see no body. Than sayd he, (i. e. *the voice*,) 'Virgilius, see ye not the lytyll borde lying bysyde you there marked with that word?' Than answered Virgilius, 'I see that borde well anough.' The voice said, 'Doo awaye that borde, and lette me out there atte.' Than answered Virgilius to the voice that was under the lytell borde, and sayd, 'Who art thou that callest me so?' Than answered the devyll, 'I am a devyll, conjured out of the body of a certeyne man, and banysshed here tyll the day of judgmend, without that I be delyvered by the handes of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray the, delyvere me out of this payn, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of negromancye, and how thou shalt come by it lyght-



ly, and know the practyse therein, that no man in the scyence of negromancye, shall passe the. And morcover, I shall shewe and enforme the so, that thou shalt have alle thy desyre, whereby mythinke it is a great gyfte for so lytyll a doying. For ye may also thus all your power frendys helpe, and make ryche your enemyes.” — Thorough that great promyse was Virgilius tempted; he badde the fynd show the bokes to him, that he might have and occupy them at his wyll; and so the fynde shewed hym. And than Virgilius pulled open a borde, and there was a lytell hole, and therent wrang the devyll out lyke a yeel, and cam and stode before Virgilius lyke a bygge man; wherof Virgilius was astonied and marveyled greatly thereof, that so great a man myght come out at so lytyll a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, ‘Shulde ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of?’ — ‘Yea, I shall well,’ said the devyl. ‘I holde the best plegge that I have, that ye shall not do it.’ — ‘Well,’ sayd the devyll, ‘thereto I consent.’ And than the devyll wrange himselfe into the lytyll hole ageyne; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyverd the hole ageyne with the borde close, and so was the devyll begyled, and myght nat there come out agen, but abydeh shytte styll therein. Than called the devyll



dredefully to Virgilius, and said, 'What have ye done, Virgilius?' Virgilius answered, 'Abyde there still to your day appoynted;' and fro thens forth abydeth he there. — And so Virgilius became very connyng in the practyse of the black scyence."

This story may remind the reader of the Arabian tale of the Fisherman and the imprisoned Genie; and it is more than probable, that many of the marvels narrated in the life of Virgil are of oriental extraction. Among such I am disposed to reckon the following whimsical account of the foundation of Naples, containing a curious theory concerning the origin of the earthquakes with which it is afflicted. Virgil, who was a person of gallantry, had, it seems, carried off the daughter of a certain Soldan, and was anxious to secure his prize.

"Than he thought in his mynde how he myghte mareye hyr, and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fayer towne, with great landes belongynge to it; and so he dyd by his cunnynge, and called it Napells. And the fandacyon of it was of egges, and in that town of Napells he made a tower with iiii corners, and in the toppe he set an apell upon an yron yarde, and no man culde pull away that apell without he brake it; and thorough



that yren set he a bolte, and in that bolte set he a egge. And he henge the apell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangeth it still. And when the egge styrreth, so shulde the towne of Napells quake; and whan the egge brake, than shulde the towne sinke. Whan he had made an ende, he lette call it Napells." This appears to have been an article of current belief during the middle ages, as appears from the statutes of the order *Du Saint Esprit au droit desir*, instituted in 1352. A chapter of the knights is appointed to be held annually at the Castle of the Enchanted Egg, near the grotto of Virgil. — MONTFAUCON, vol. II. p. 329.

### Note II.

*A merlin sat upon her wrist.* — St. V. p. 140.

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was usually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight, or baron. See LATHAM *on Falconry*. — Godscroft relates, that, when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophising a goss-hawk, which sat on his wrist, and



which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, "The devil's in this greedy glade, she will never be full." — HUME'S *History of the House of Douglas*, 1743. vol. II. p. 131. Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

### Note III.

*And princely peacock's gilded train.*—St. VI. p. 141.

The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipt in lighted spirits of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festival, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, "before the peacock and the ladies."

### Note IV.

*And o'er the boar's-head, garnished brave.*—

St. VI. p. 141.

The boar's head was also an usual dish of



feudal splendour. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron, at whose board it was served. — PINKERTON'S *History*, vol. I. p. 432.

### Note V.

*And cygnet from St Mary's wave.* — St. VI. p. 141.

There are often flights of wild swans upon St Mary's Lake, at the head of the river Yarrow.

### Note VI.

*Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill.* — St. VII. p. 142.

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill.



## Note VII.

*But bit his glove, and shook his head.*—St. VII. p. 142.

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakspeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed, that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with whom he had quarrelled; and learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

## Note VIII.

— — *Arthur Fire-the-braes.* — St. VIII. p. 143.

The person, bearing this redoutable *nomme de guerre*, was an Elliot, and resided at Thorleshope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders, in 1597.



## Note IX.

*Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,  
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en. —*

St. VIII. p. 143.

A tradition preserved by Scott of Satchells, who published, in 1688, *A true History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott*, gives the following romantic origin of that name. Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankelburn, in Ettricke Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chace. — Kenneth Mac-Alpin, then king of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettricke-heuch to the glen now called Buckleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankelburn with the river Ettricke. — Here the stag stood at bay; and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chace on foot; and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw



him on his back, and run with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet. \*

The deer being curee'd in that place,

At his Majesty's demand,

Then John of Galloway ran apace,

And fetched water to his hand.

The king did wash into a dish,

And Galloway John he wot;

He said, „Thy name now after this

Shall ever be called John Scott.

„The forest, and the deer therein,

We commit to thy hand;

For thou shalt sure the ranger be,

If thou obey command:

And for the buck thou stontly brought

To us up that steep hench,

Thy designation ever shall

Be John Scott in Bucksleuch.“

\* Froissart relates, that a knight of the household of the Compte de Foix exhibited a similar feat of strength. The hall-fire had waxed low, and wood was wanted to mend it. The knight went down to the court-yard, where stood an ass laden with faggots, seized on the animal and his burden, and, carrying him up to the hall on his shoulders, tumbled him into the chimney with his heels uppermost; a humane pleasantry, much applauded by the Count and all the spectators.



\* \* \* \* \*

In Scotland no Buckclench was then,  
 Before the buck in the cieuch was slain;  
 Night's men \* at first they did appear,  
 Becanse moon and stars to their arms they bear.  
 Their crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,  
 Shews their beginning from hunting came;  
 Their name, and stile, the book doth say,  
 John gained them both into one day,

WATT'S *Bellanden*.

\* „Minions of the moon,“ as Falstaff would have said. The vocation pursued by our ancient Borderers may be justified on the authority of the most polished of the ancient nations: „For the Grecians in old time, and such barbarians as in the continent lived neere unto the sea, or else inhabited the islands, after once they began to crosse over one to another in ships, became theeves, and went abroad under the conduct of their more puissant men, both to enrich themselves, and to fetch in maintenance for the weak; and falling upon towns unfortified, or scatteringly inhabited, rifled them, and made this the best means of their living; being a matter at that time no where in disgrace, but rather carrying with it something of glorry. This is manifest by some that dywell upon the continent, amongst whom, so it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The same is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduced men questioning of such as sail by, on all coasts alike, whether they be theeves or not; as a thing neyther scorned by such as were asked, nor upbraided by those that were desirous to know. They also robbed one another within the main land; y and much of Greece useth that old custome, as the *Locrians*, the *Acaruanians*, and those of the continent in that



The Buccleuch arms have been altered, and now allude less pointedly to this hunting, whether real or fabulous. The family now bear *Or* upon a bend azure, a mullet betwixt two crescents of the field; in addition to which, they formerly bore in the field a hunting horn. The supporters, now two ladies, were formerly a hound and buck, or, according to the old terms, a *hart of leash* and a *hart of greece*. The family of Scott of Howpasley and Thirlestaine long retained the buglehorn: they also carried a bent bow and arrow in the sinister cantle, perhaps as a difference. It is said the motto was, — *Best riding by moonlight*, in allusion to the crescents on the shield, and perhaps to the habits of those who bore it. The motto now given is *Amo*, applying to the female supporters.

#### Note X.

— old *Albert Graeme*,

*The Minstrel of that ancient name*. — St. X. p. 185.

“ John Grahame, second son of *Malice*, Earl quarter, unto this day. Moreover, the fashion of wearing iron remaineth yet with the people of that continent, from their old trade of theiving.” — HOBBS' *Thucydides*, p. 4. Lond. 1629.



of *Monteith* commonly surnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred, into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr Sandford, speaking of them, says (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides), «They were all stark moss-troopers, and arrant thieves: Both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son (which is now become proverbial), *Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot*; that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more.» — *Introduction to the History of Cumberland.*

The residence of the Graemes being chiefly in the Debateable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland, with impunity; for as both wardens accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their



excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them. — See a long correspondence on this subject betwixt Lord Dacre and the English Privy Council, in Introduction to *History of Cumberland*. The Debateable Land was finally devided betwixt England and Scotland. by commissioners appointed by both nations.

Note XI.

*The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.*—St. XI. p. 145.

This burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old Scottish song beginning thus:

She lean'd her back against a thorn,  
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa';  
And there she was her young babe born,  
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.

Note XII.

*Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?* —

St. XIII. p. 147.

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his son-



nets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a lookingglass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclined upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

#### Note XIII.

——— *The storm-swept Orcades;  
Where erst St Clairs held princely sway,  
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay.*—St. XXI. p. 151.

The St Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St Clair, second son of Walderne Comte de St Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly St Clair; and, settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore, obtained



large grants of land in Mid-Lothian. — These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Rosline, Pentland, Cowsland, Cardaine, and several others. It is said a large addition was obtained from Robert Bruce, on the following occasion: The king, in following the chase upon Pentland hills, had often started a «white faunch deer,” which had always escaped from his hounds; and he asked the nobles, who were assembled around him, whether any of them had dogs, which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were fleetier than those of the king, until Sir William St Clair of Rosline uncere- moniously said, he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs, *Help* and *Hold*, would kill the deer before she could cross the March- burn. The king instantly caught at his unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentlandmoor against the life for Sir William St Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches, or slow-hounds, to put up the deer; while Sir William St Clair, posting himself in the best situa- tion for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slip-



ped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook, upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, Hold stopped her in the brook; and Help, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The king descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-house, FarnCraig, etc. in free forestrie. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St Katherine's intercession, built the chapel of St Katherine in the Hopes, the churchyard of which is still to be seen. The hill, from which Robert Bruce beheld this memorable chase, is still called the King's Hill; and the place where Sir William hunted, is called the Knight's Field.\*

\* The tomb of Sir William St Clair, on which he appears sculptured in armour, with a greyhound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roslin chapel. The person who shows it always tells the story of his hunting-match, with some addition to Mr Hay's account; as that the knight of Rosline's fright made him poetical, and that, in the last emergency, he shouted,

Help haud, an' ye may,

Or Roslin will lose his head this day.

If this couplet does him no great honour as a poet, the conclusion of the story does him still less credit. He set



— *MS. History of the Family of St Clair, by*  
 RICHARD AUGUSTIN HAY, *Canon of St Genevieve.*

This adventurous huntsman married Elizabeth, daughter of Malice Spar, Earl of Orkney and Stratherne, in whose right their son Henry was, in 1379, created Earl of Orkney, by Haco, king of Norway. His title was recognised by the kings of Scotland, and remained with his successors until it was annexed to the crown, in 1471, by act of parliament. In exchange for this earldom, the castle and domains of Ravens-craig, or Ravensheuch, were conferred on William Saintclair, Earl of Caithness.

#### Note XIV.

*Still nods their palace to its fall,  
 Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall. —*

St. XXI. p. 151.

The castle of Kirkwall was built by the St Clairs, while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Caithness about 1615, having

his foot on the dog, says the narrator, and killed him on the spot, saying, he would never again put his neck in such a risque. As Mr Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it is only founded on the couchant posture of the hound on the monument.



been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney.

Its ruins afforded a sad subject of contemplation to John, Master of St Clair, who, flying from his native country, on account of his share in the insurrection 1715, made some stay at Kirkwall.

“ I had occasion to entertain myself at Kirkwall with the melancholie prospect of the ruins of an old castle, the seat of the old Earls of Orkney, my ancestors; and of a more melancholy reflection, of so great and noble an estate as the Orkney and Shetland isles being taken from one of them by James the Third for faultrie, after his brother Alexander, Duke of Albany, had married a daughter of my family, and for protecting and defending the said Alexander against the king, who wished to kill him, as he had done his youngest brother, the Earl of Mar; and for which, after the forfaultrie, he *gratefully* divorced my forfaulted ancestor's sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any misalliance to plead against a familie in whose veins the blood of Robert Bruce run as fresh as in his own; for their title to the crowne was by a daughter of David Bruce, son to Robert; and our alliance was by marrying a grandchild of the same Robert Bruce, and daughter to the sister of



the same David, out of the familie of Douglass, which at that time did not much sullie the blood, more than my ancestour's having not long before had the honour of marrying a daughter of the king of Denmark's, who was named Florentine, and has left in the town of Kirkwall a noble monument of the grandeur of the times, the finest church ever I saw entire in Scotland. I then had no small reason to think, in that unhappy state, on the many not inconsiderable services rendered since to the royal familie, for these many years by-gone, on all occasions, when they stood most in need of friends, which they have thought themselves very often obliged to acknowledge by letters yet extant, and in a stile more like friends than souveraigns; our attachment to them, without anie other thanks, having brought upon us considerable losses, and among others, that of our all in Cromwell's time; and left in that condition without the least relief except what we found in our own virtue. My father was the only man of the Scots nation who had courage enough to protest in parliament against King William's title to the throne, which was lost, God knows how: and this at a time when the losses in the cause of the royall familie, and their usual gratitude, had scarce left him bread



to maintain a numerous familie of eleven children, who had soon after sprung up on him, in spite of all which, he had honourably persisted in his principle. I say, these things considered, and after being treated as I was, and in that unluckie state, when objects appear to men in their true light, as at the hour of death, could I be blamed for making some bitter reflections to myself, and laughing at the extravagance and unaccountable humour of men, and the singularitie of my own case (an exile for the cause of the Stuart family), when I ought to have known, that the greatest crime I, or my family, could have committed, was persevering, to my own destruction, in serving the royal family faithfully, though obstinately, after so great a share of depression, and after they had been pleased to doom me and my familie to starve." — *MS. Memoirs of John, Master of St Clair.*

#### Note XV.

*Kings of the main their leaders brave,  
Their barks the dragons of the wave. —*  
St. XXII. p. 152.

The chiefs of the *Vakingr*, or Scandinavian pirates, assumed the title of *Saekonungr*, or Sea-



kings. Ships, in the inflated language of the Scalds, are often termed the serpents of the ocean.

Note XVI.

*Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,  
Whose monstrous circle girds the world. —*  
St. XXII. p. 152.

The *jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarockr*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

Note XVII.

*Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell  
Maddens the battle's bloody swell. —*St. XXII. p. 152.

These were the *Valkyriur*, or Selectors of the Slain, dispatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute



the contest. They are well known to the English reader, as Gray's Fatal Sisters.

Note XVIII.

*Ransacked the graves of warriors old,  
Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold.*  
St. XXII. p. 152.

The northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms, and their other treasures. Thus, Angantyr, before commencing the duel in which he was slain, stipulated, that if he fell, his sword Tyrſing should be buried with him. His daughter, Hervor, afterwards took it from his tomb. The dialogue which past betwixt her and Angantyr's spirit on this occasion has been often translated. The whole history may be found in the Hervarar-Saga. Indeed the ghosts of the northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valour than to encounter supernatural beings. — BARTHOLINUS *De causis contemptae a Danis mortis*, lib. I. cap. 2, 9, 10, 13.



## Note XIX.

——— *Rosabelle.* — St. XXIII. p. 153.

This was a family name in the house of St Clair. Henry St Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Stratherne.

## Note XX.

*Castle Ravensheuch.* — St. XXIII. p. 153.

A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated betwixt Kirkaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Firth of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St Clair, as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III. dated in 1471, and is now the property of Sir James St Clair Erskine, (now Earl of Rosslyn,) representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin.

## Note XXI.

*Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie;  
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.*—St. XXIII. p. 154.

The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in to-



lerable preservation. It was founded in 1446, by William St Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, Lord St Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentlandmoor, etc., Knight of the Cockle and of the Garter, (as is affirmed,) High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lientenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid stile of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connection; the etymology being Rosslinnhe, the promontory of the linn, or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer in his *Theatrum Scotiae*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian domains. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas.



The Barons of Roslin were buried in a vault beneath the chapel floor. The manner of their interment is thus described by Father Hay, in the MS. history already quoted.

«Sir William Sinclair, the father, was a leud man. He kept a miller's daughter, with whom, it is alledged, he went to Ireland; yet I think the cause of his retreat was rather occasioned by the Presbyterians, who vexed him sadly, because of his religion being Roman Catholic. His son, Sir William, died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin the very same day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. When my good-father was buried, his (*i. e.* Sir William's) corpse seemed to be entire at the opening of the cave; but when they came to touch his body, it fell into dust. He was laying in his armour, with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner, in their armour: late Rosline, my good-father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not



hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner. The great expences she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following parliament. »

Note XXII.

——— « *Gylbin come!* » — St. XXVI. p. 157.

See the story of Gilpin Horner, pp. 265, 266, 267.

Note XXIII.

*For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,  
Like him, of whom the story ran,  
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man. —*  
St. XXVI. p. 157. 158.

The ancient castle of Peel-town, in the Isle of Man, is surrounded by four churches, now ruinous. Through one of these chapels there was formerly a passage from the guardroom of the garrison. This was closed, it is said, upon the following occasion: « They say, that an apparition, ealled, in the Mankish language, the *Mauthe Doog*, in the shape of a large black



spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and, for that reason, forebore swearing, and all prophane discourse, while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to the danger: for I forgot to mention, that the *Mauthe Doog* was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of day, and return to it again as



soon as the morning dawned: which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence.

« One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions; and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the *Mauthe Doog* would follow him, as it had done the others; for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room: in some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till, the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; for he was never heard to speak more: and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to



him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death.

“The *Mauthe Doog* was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about threescore years since: and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head.” — WALDRON'S *Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 107.

Note XXIV.

*And he a solemn sacred plight  
Did to St Bryde of Douglas made.*—St. XXVII. p. 158.

This was a favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular; as we learn from the following passage: The Queen-regent had proposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity; and discoursing of her purpose with Angus, he answered, “Why not, madam? we are happy that have such a



princess, that can know and will acknowledge men's service, and is willing to recompence it: but, by the might of God (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times, it was by St Bride of Douglas,) if he be a Duke, I will be a Drake!" — So she desisted from prosecuting of that purpose. — GODSCROFT, vol. II. p. 131.

THE END.



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